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THE NEVER-ENDIANS

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Events of the Week.

THE British troops began another of those massive attacks in the Ypres sector, the object of which, if the Somme Battle is to be regarded as typical, is, we suppose, to compel the enemy to make a strategic retreat on the whole of the Flanders front. The German reports have for some time been eloquent of the preparations for attack, but they have now abandoned the suggestion that on every occasion that the artillery bombardment works up to drum-fire, an assault follows. The change in our tactics imposes upon the German troops a profound strain, since they can never be certain that the infantry will not advance. On this occasion, after several threatened attacks during the last few days, the attack was launched at 5.40 on Thursday morning. The main objective was the tableland which lies at the southern end of the ridge east of Ypres. The whole of the ridge is merely a low crest which stretches from near the Ypres-Menin Road by Passchendale to the forest of Houthoult. Astride the Ypres-Menin road the ridge rises ten to fourteen metres, and forms a small hummock which, being covered by Glencorse Wood on the north-west and Inverness Copse on the south-east, is of formidable defensive value. North-country regiments carried Inverness Copse on Thursday, the Australians stormed Glencorse Wood, and hence this southern defensive stronghold is now completely in our hands, and with it unobstructed observation over a considerable part of the ridge.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG had no intention of opening a battle à outrance. His objectives were strictly limited. The troops had to seize a depth of a mile on an eight-mile front astride the Ypres-Menin Road. But this strip of ground, besides the low tableland culminating in what the troops call Clapham Junction, was covered with defensive works of the new disconnected type. There is no longer a line in the sense in which lines were understood before the Battle of the Somme. That victory put lines at a discount. The new defensive is by areas, dotted over with "pill boxes"—strongly built concrete forts, and organized crater holes and scraps of building, with plenty of dense wire between. The German guns moved far back for the sake of safety have a considerable range, and know the prescription for making untenable any given area. It is this which at least qualifies the apparent invincibility of the new system. What the German guns can do, our greater concentration can also do. Precision of fire or, failing the precision required, an extraordinary profusion can make any area untenable. The forward belts are not now strongly held, and hence it is not to be expected that there should be any great capture of prisoners. The Germans depend upon their counter-attacks to recover what is expected to be lost if the attack is made with sufficient vigor.

For the first time we are at once officially informed of the troops engaged. They included Scots, North-countrymen, Lancashire Territorials, Australians, and South Africans. The objectives were everywhere captured. The weather again proved unfavorable, but during the day it cleared slightly. We captured some 2,000 prisoners and a few guns. The Ypres offensive, like the Somme Battle, is being developed in waves. After the opening encounter on July 31st, there followed the attack of August 9th which captured Westhoek and initiated that bitter struggle for Glencorse Wood that has only now terminated. A week later came the nine-mile assault which carried us past Langemarck; and on August 22nd the struggle for Inverness Copse began. A French report, apparently founded upon official information, compares the German wastage for similar periods in the Ypres and Somme offensives. In six weeks one more division was engaged before Ypres, and three more were withdrawn from the line. But it is idle to represent the battle now in progress as anything other than the bitter struggle it is. In no other battle since the war began has the issue been greater. If we can turn the enemy out of Western Flanders at not too heavy a cost, no one will remain unconvinced in Germany that the war is lost. In this northern area the war has been brought to a focus.

THE Russian Army is recovering. It is now possible to say that Mackensen's attempt to force the Roumanians out of Moldavia has failed. The struggle at times seemed critical, but the Russo-Roumanian troops fought not only bravely, but with great skill, and the present lull in the attack is the best witness to the completeness of their victory. Their positions are not quite so strong; but the taking or retention of positions is now a matter

of expenditure, and Mackensen paid heavily for his successes. The Bukovina still seems to be the scene of Russian local attacks in force. There is reported a considerable concentration of enemy troops in the area, and this is no doubt adding a further relief to the Russians who are endeavoring to find a favorable line north of Riga. The recovery on this sector has been marked. Under General Ruzsky, the steadfastness of the troops will be put to the best advantage. Lettish battalions are reported as having conducted successful counter-attacks towards Riga, and there is evidence that the recent upheaval in the Army has fortunately resulted in a considerable improvement.

* * *

THE Korniloff adventure appears in retrospect to have been less serious than most of us supposed last week, and far behind the eager imaginations of the "Times" and the "Morning Post." The army as a whole never wavered in its loyalty to the Revolution, and never desired to see the civil Government overthrown by the military chiefs. The only question at issue was whether the few units which Korniloff ordered to Petrograd would fight or converse. They decided to converse, and the reasonable Russian temper, which really believes that in the Beginning was the Word, saved the country from fratricide. The political sequel to the rebellion is mixed. It upset the Ministry much as the Maximalist rising in July had done. General Alexeieff, who lent M. Kerensky his prestige and experience to re-organize the High Command which Korniloff had upset, asked for a Coalition Government. The Socialist Ministers, however, were not willing to serve with Cadets. The tension between Cadets and Socialists was long past breaking point, for on the one hand the Socialists suspected the Cadets of encouraging Korniloff and the counter-revolution, while the Cadets accused some of the Socialists (especially M. Tchernoff) of "Pro-Germanism" (a word which means in Russia not pacifism, but corruption). The result was that the Petrograd Soviet took its lead from the Maximalists, and passed an extreme resolution calling for the direct rule of the Soviets, an all-Socialist Ministry, and the confiscation of all private estates without compensation. This vote was secured partly by the absence on duty of the soldiers' delegates, who are more moderate than the civilians, and partly by the abstention of the Social Revolutionaries, who resent the attacks on M. Tchernoff.

* * *

THIS vote placed M. Kerensky in a grave dilemma. He needed the aid of General Alexeieff, but he cannot govern against the Soviet. He adopted an adroit expedient. He formed a "business" War Cabinet of a mixed, but non-party, character. It includes three "bourgeois," who are not Cadets, a General, an Admiral, and M. Terestchenko, who seems to be the indispensable Foreign Minister, a Moderate Social Democrat, M. Nikitin, and M. Kerensky. Further, the decision was taken to proclaim Russia a Republic without waiting for the Constituent Assembly. This is, first of all, a defiant answer to all counter-revolutionary schemes, but its practical significance probably is that it will now be easier to dissolve the Duma as a vestige of the autocratic era. It was undoubtedly the focus of the counter-revolutionary movement.

* * *

MEANWHILE, Korniloff and twenty-three of his generals are being promptly tried under General Alexeieff's supervision. M. Kerensky was clearly right to refuse the offers of mediation which were made to him by the Entente ambassadors; this unlucky

proposal, however well-meaning, looked like a beginning of intervention in Russia's internal affairs. The facts about Cossack participation in the Korniloff rebellion are still obscure, and the disclaimer of the Hetman, General Kaledin, that he had any share in it, seems to be generally accepted. The present ministerial solution can only be temporary. Five men representing neither parties nor the Soviets nor the Duma, cannot speak for Russia with sufficient authority. The Petrograd Soviet, in a second vote, after a strong plea for moderation from Ex-Minister Skoboleff, agreed to support M. Kerensky, but also to summon a convention of all the democratic elements. The only permanent solution, short of peace, lies in the summoning of the Constituent Assembly.

* * *

M. PAINLEVÉ, with all his charm and adroitness, does not seem to have the oratorical capacity which the French Chamber expects in a Premier, and his first appearance led to some heated scenes. None the less, his statements of war-aims and war-policy won general acceptance, and confidence was accorded, with only one hostile vote, though with large and ominous abstentions. The Socialists and the Caillaux-Radicals maintain a watching attitude. M. Painlevé's declaration, though very determined in tone, was also moderate. It contained no phrase which could be construed into an approval of M. Poincaré's plans for wrenching the Left Bank of the Rhine from Germany, and many phrases which by implication rebuked such schemes, and suggests a peace not of dictation but of negotiation:—

"The disannexation of Alsace-Lorraine, reparation for the damage and ruin wrought by the enemy, and a peace which shall not be a peace of constraint, or violence, containing in itself the germ of future wars, but a just peace, in which no people whether strong or weak shall be oppressed, a peace in which effective guarantees shall protect the society of nations against all aggression on the part of one among them—these are the noble war-aims of France."

In the debate, apart from hot complaints about the failure of the food control, the most significant speech was one from a private member of the Left, M. Leymery, who asked that measures be concerted with the Allies "so that France might be able to call back from her armies some of her sons." This very reasonable proposal suggests that some Frenchmen look to the American reinforcements not as an addition to, but as a substitute for, some of their forces.

* * *

M. RIBOT's following speech was not so clear or satisfactory. It contains the curious statement that the Russo-French agreement, under which France would not oppose a Russian Constantinople while Russia backed a French extension to the left bank of the Rhine, was not to be published because the Russian Government had asked that publication should be "deferred." This means, we hope, that Russia is now convinced that these documents are obsolete. That would be the natural conclusion of M. Ribot's limitation of French aims to Alsace-Lorraine and reparation for damage, coupled with guarantees "on the will of the (German) nation itself." This brings French policy fairly into line with the American. That, again, does not suggest the need for the reticence with which, according to M. Ribot, the Pope's Note is to be treated. It is not to be answered because a definition of war-aims has already been supplied to President Wilson. Yes; but that document was obviously ambiguous, and was read in a maximum or a minimum sense according to their mind (or the will) of its critics. How then does its issue meet the case for a definition of objects?

WE hope, therefore, that our own Government will not feel itself absolved from following Mr. Wilson's example of a reasoned rejoinder to the Pope. That is the more necessary, as it becomes clear that the policy of "unconditional surrender," to which the Northcliffe Press is devoted, is distasteful to America. Thus, the "Evening Post" declares that since the dispatch of the Wilson Note, the President has given those who talked with him the impression that "he is ready and willing to begin negotiations looking towards the end of the war, provided the Government of Germany is so changed that its guarantees can be trusted." Such guarantees, says the "Post," would be the election of a Liberal Chancellor definitely responsible to the Reichstag. If this is even near the President's view, it is far apart from that of our own semi-official *communiqué*, discounting in advance the unpublished German reply to the Pope. This, it suggests, is to be treated as a "manœuvre," a sign of weakness, and an attempt to sow discord in the camp of the Allies. How do we know? Even if it were a sign of military weakness or of political repentance, would not that be a thing to be welcomed? Why repel "peace talk" before it is even spoken, unless you desire to give the impression that you will not have peace at any price?

THERE is no doubt that the abler Germans are at least as much alive to the danger of the economic pressure which the Allies can apply after the war as Englishmen are. In "Die Hilfe," Herr Naumann describes it very nearly in the words which we recently used ourselves. After painting in lurid colors the moral horrors of an economic war, he argues that Germany's aim must be to secure "at the conclusion of peace joint limitation of the use of the weapon of trade policy." It is, as we surmised, the entry of America which has clearly revealed their peril to the Germans. "Now that the United States has entered the war much is possible which formerly was only fantastic." What he chiefly fears is, naturally, the refusal to allow Germany access to raw materials, and her chief aim at the settlement must be to ensure that "no world syndicates or similar associations must be permitted to regulate the direct or indirect sale to Germany of cotton, copper, leather, or any other material." The treaty must "somehow remove these anxieties."

To be sure it must, and the next step is that Herr Naumann should himself frankly admit that his own scheme of "Mittel-europa" stands in the way, and must be dropped if the Allies are to concede "economic peace." He comes near to this admission in these articles, and in a recent article he complained that during his whole term of office the late Chancellor took no single step to realize "Central Europe." That bitter admission from the author of the idea is important. The Paris Resolutions, in short, are not a defensive plan against any official or existing scheme. They are a threat, and a tremendous threat, which may be used to extort a good peace. On another point Dr. Naumann sees clearly. He realizes now that the freedom of the seas is possible only in peace, and means, in plain words, simply the right for German merchantmen to enter foreign ports. That, again, is an advance; though we are not sure that, so far as advantage goes, the first German idea of "freedom of the seas" would not make for our case rather than for Germany's.

GENERAL SMUTS, interviewed by the Paris "Journal," has spoken with his usual prudence and breadth of view. He admitted that the "development of war-machines" now favored the defensive—i.e., the Germans—and thus slowed down the rate of Allied success. But the results were certain. The Germans understood at the final results of our pressure must be. General Smuts summed them up in terms of economic and moral rather than of purely military strain. Germany, univer-

sally unpopular, morally isolated and compromised in her economic future, must be "strangled" unless the Entente re-opened its doors to her. With no future, therefore, she was bound to desire peace. On the "pact" we signed with her would depend whole generations of the world's fate. In other words, General Smuts plainly beckons us on to a negotiated peace, based on a firm but enlightened use of the economic no less than the military argument. Of course he does not say that we should stand in the way of Germany's livelihood. He rather suggests that we should suggest to her that if she will not let Europe live a free life, the Entente always has the ability, through its command of sea-power and economic power, to prevent Germany from living hers. This is practically identical with Herr Naumann's admission.

LORD RHONDDA's policy of price-fixing has involved him in the difficulty which has been generally foreseen. In one case, that of bread, it has increased consumption; in another, meat, it threatens a restriction of supply. If the Food Controller cannot, as we have said, supply a regular flow of goods adequate to the demand, his policy breaks down in one direction. This is the danger-signal held out by the discontent of the farmers. If, on the other hand, he fixes prices too low, and gives a suggestion of abundance, his policy eats into the nation's food-stocks, and thus reverses its original intention. Now, we suppose, Lord Rhondda will be driven on to a more drastic method of controlling the sources of supply. That, again, we are afraid, will lead to local shortages of food. The food question must, of course, be taken in hand by all the Allied Governments, and a careful process of pooling set up. But even then the world will soon discover that it cannot go on fighting at full pressure without feeding on an always sinking scale.

It is sometimes forgotten that the impetus which brought the South African War to a conclusion was supplied by Lord Rosebery in his "Wayside Inn" speech at Chesterfield on December 16th, 1901. "Some of the greatest peaces," he said, "the greatest settlements in the world's history, have begun with an apparently casual meeting of two travellers in a neutral inn." Who is there now among our elder statesmen who will take his courage in his hands and deliver a "Wayside Inn" speech to-day? Lord Lansdowne, or Lord Morley, or Lord Loreburn, or Mr. Asquith? Or Lord Rosebery himself?

THE analogy between 1901 and 1917 is not, of course, complete, but the parallel suggests itself in one respect at least. Then, as now, Lord Milner, the Never-Ending, was one of the two or three men on whom peace depended. Listen again to Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield:—

"I do not doubt that the Government wish to end the War quite as much as you or I do; but I think we part on the question of making peace. I do not think they are as anxious for peace as I am. Now you may not quite understand the bearing of that remark, so I will explain myself. I am alluding to a speech of Lord Milner's at Durban in which he used the remark—and I take the unfortunate words as a declaration of policy—he said that the war might never be formally at an end, that in the formal sense of the word, the war might never be at an end at all. That means, as I understand him, and it can bear no other meaning, that the idea and policy of the Government was to hunt the Boers and to capture them and to kill them and to get them to surrender, as they are doing now, and when they had got to a certain low number and were completely inaccessible, to treat them as banditti and as non-existent. That means that there must be no formal close to the war. Now if that be the policy of His Majesty's Government, and I can put no other interpretation on the words of Lord Milner, it is a policy against which I venture to offer the most emphatic protest in my power."

Lord Milner, it will be seen, was an apostle of attrition in 1901. Does he now consider that there can be no peace by negotiation, and therefore no "formal close to the war"? We should much like to know.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEVER-ENDIANS.

It is a great gain to the cause of the Allies that its defence is gradually falling to men who wish to revive its original atmosphere of reasoned hope for the world's future. Such men are Mr. Wilson, General Smuts, and M. Painlevé. Their effort of criticism and of guidance should be followed with close attention and sympathy. None of them can be called pacifist; but while all are devoted to the world-objects of the war, they realize that it carries with it extremely dangerous issues for the society of men, their happiness, and even their existence. They, therefore, desire to bring it to as early an end as is consistent with the fulfilment of its moral purpose. They would eliminate from it immoral ends, such as "vengeance" or "conquest" (M. Painlevé). Knowing that injustice was the ruin of the pre-war world, they seek to base the peace neither on the *status quo* nor on a new territorial redistribution, but on a rule of justice, secured by democracy, and freed of economic exclusiveness (Mr. Wilson). They lay stress on the moral successes of the war—such as the repulse of the aggressive German movement in the West, and the revelation of the power to strike down militarism by economic force (General Smuts). They thus discourage the military pessimists, who see an unbeaten Germany instead of a repelled and essentially discomfited one. They steadily direct our minds to what is attainable, and to what it is good for the world to attain.

Now, we are in no position to prophesy a complete and effulgent victory for these moralities of the war. But we see it coming, and we also discern the effort of our Never-Endians to avert it. They, it is clear, do not want the war to end that way. So they create and re-create an atmosphere in which it can never be realized. Germany, it is admitted, changes slowly to the complexion of a Government and a people in its right mind, cleared of the repellent egotism in which she entered and wages the war. But our Never-Endians are resolved to present such a picture of her to the popular mind as to convince it that no such Germany could ever exist. Every movement of conscience, each advance which she makes to representative rule, is ignored by the people and the newspapers who reject the rights of conscience in their own land, and pour contempt on their own Parliament. These men will never allow that the Allies have won anything. They denigrate their own generalship and statesmanship. Take the case of Belgium. It is a very hard case, for Belgium, with Northern France, is still the cockpit of the war, and it is mere cruelty to prolong her ordeal an hour after it is truly ended. But if there is any honor left in ruling Germany, Belgium must be given up. The late Chancellor pledged himself to that cause in the speech in which he excused the polity of the invasion by condemning its ethics. A wicked clamor has arisen in militarist Germany to confound and destroy that avowal. On the whole, it has been upheld. In accents of varying clearness and sincerity, Germany, speaking, as we in similar stress should speak, through her Parliament, has all but notified her surrender of the Belgian spoil. Now this may not be a great matter to France or Italy or Russia. But it is undeniably a great thing for us. Britain came in to the war to save Belgium, as she did not come in to save Serbia. It was not a British concern whether Serbia remained under Russia's influence or reverted to Austria's. The existing British Cabinet would never have pledged the country to such

an issue, and never did. But Germany's conduct to Belgium created the test that drew a divided Government and a hesitating nation into the strife. If, therefore, the German answer to the Pope's Note covers an unequivocal restoration of Belgian soil and sovereignty, the simplest of British war aims will have been satisfied. If it also promises disarmament and adheres to the League of Nations, two other conspicuous British purposes will have been realized. These would be attestations of a victory—moral and material. They should send a thrill of pride through our armies and fleets. Taken together, they at least promise the beginning of the Europe we have called for, and the end of the Europe of which militarist Germany was the baleful star. They would show that the Anglo-American call for a democratized Germany was being answered, and that Britain's alarmed sense of one overshadowing ambition might begin to abate. Much would yet remain for honorable allies to settle among themselves; but for England a load of debt would have been paid and a load of responsibility lifted.

The rational lover of his country must therefore confess that after such a declaration of war-results he felt happier about her safety and good name. Not so the Never-Endians. "Germany," says the "Times," "might quite well evacuate Belgium, and nevertheless emerge from the war a great and menacing militarist Power." She might, though as this theory rests on the agreeable assumption that the Power which had freed Belgium would consent to the dismemberment of democratic Russia, we rather imagine she would not. But on any hypothesis, we should emerge a victorious Power so far as concerned the great act of guardianship on which we set a triple seal in 1914. Is that nought? If it were followed by a handsome arrangement with France, and a German offer of disarmament and of consent to a rule of arbitration, would that be nothing either? Nothing to see the evident lifting of the sword that hangs over the world's innocent youth? It is not reasonable to think that the suffering, impoverished Germany which entered into such engagements with the knowledge that if she broke them, the "economic peace" on which, as Herr Naumann now admits, her future in the world absolutely depends would be turned against her, could revert to the Germany of 1914. Yet that is the calculation of the Never-Endians. Therefore, they will accept no political equivalent of a defeat of German militarism which is not attested by a peace of unconditional surrender. They treat the military situation as if it alone were of importance, ignoring the strategy of the Allies, which, as General Smuts points out, consists of a mixed application of economic, military, and naval force. They do not want to see this pressure, backed by the general lesson and moral of the war, above all, by the tremendous challenge of America, issuing in a regenerated Germany. They would rather see a desperate one. They do not ask themselves what the policy of unconditional surrender must cost us and our Allies; their sole concern is with what, if it could ever materialize, it would cost Germany. They do not reflect that it involves a conflict not so much with the German Government as with the German people, and that it must end in a complete stultification of the demand for a democratized Germany. Men who are anti-democrats themselves cannot, indeed, be expected to realize that democracy is an act of hope, of regeneration, and that we shall never foster it by breeding in German minds what the "New Republic" calls "the recklessness of the lone wolf at bay."

But, above all, these Never-Endians are blind to the new significance of war. Wars in which the whole manhood and practically the whole womanhood of most of the civilized world are enlisted have an enforced time-

limit. That is reached when Wars of Nations become Wars of Hungry Nations. "Victors" and "vanquished" have then to remember that men and women possess mouths and stomachs, and cannot indefinitely turn themselves into mere arms for the striking of each other down. The world must have its code of live and let live; and if we retort on Germany's threat to deprive Europe of its proper measure of political freedom by denying her right of existence, as the "Times," in effect, denies it, she will always be strong enough to repel us, or to make us share her ruin.

THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC.

THE adventure of General Korniloff looked for one moment like a very dangerous blow to the Russian Revolution. This gallant soldier had a great reputation and a heavy responsibility. None of us supposed him capable of gambling with such slender resources, when the stakes were not merely his own personal future and the political destiny of Russia, but her safety in presence of the enemy. Nothing but the certainty of an instant and unopposed success could possibly have excused his stroke. If the whole army had demanded his dictatorship, and if most of the country had been prepared to accept it—if, in short, the democratic Revolution was so weak and discredited that a touch would suffice to overthrow it, rebellion might have been pardonable in retrospect if it justified itself by its fruits. The event has shown that this was so far from being the state of the case that the General's revolt stands out as one of the most frivolous and criminal actions in history. The immense mass of the Army was against him, and the sympathy for him in the civil population must have been confined to the definitely Conservative element. The Cadets, whom we must now class as Liberal-Conservatives, may have played a rather equivocal part, but there is no reason to suppose that they were privy to the attempt, and they gave it no open support. In the Army its avowed partisans were hardly to be found outside the General Staff, a section of the Cossacks, and some Non-Russian regiments, including Moslems from Turkestan and the Caucasus, to whom Russian politics must be a sheer bewilderment. The idea of using this half-civilized element to dominate Russia is perhaps the ugliest aspect of the whole plot. In a military sense, the evil consequences of this act of perverse folly have been for the moment negligible. The enemy was unable to make any immediate use of the confusion. Its moral effect may be more serious. The rank and file is certain to feel more than ever suspicious of its officers. The tendency to watch and criticize and supervise the actions of commanders must be accentuated. The consequent distrust between soldiers and generals is only too likely to irritate both sides. Above all, when the effort to impose strict military discipline is once more resumed, the question will present itself: To what purpose will the generals use an automatic army when they have got it? Discipline is absolutely essential; but given discipline, what is the check upon a general who chooses to lead his men to the overthrow of the Government? It was, in point of fact, the slackness of discipline which saved Russia from a bloody civil war. The military printers of the General Staff were forced to set up General Korniloff's proclamation, but on their own initiative they set up and distributed M. Kerensky's proclamation as well. The "Savage Division," instead of riding remorselessly into Petrograd, sat down by the way, and debated the whole situation. This was admirable and reasonable conduct in free citizens. But it was not

conduct compatible with the prompt and efficient management of a war. Generals cannot introduce the death penalty for disobedience while they themselves rebel against the civil power. A revolution can maintain itself without terror only by fostering free discussion: a war demands passive and unquestioning obedience. There is only one possible way of escape from this dilemma, short of the restoration of peace, and that is the calling of a Constituent Assembly.

In proclaiming Russia a Republic M. Kerensky has taken a long, first step towards creating a sense of stability. For six months the country has lived by make-shifts in uncertainty. It seemed possible in the early days of the Revolution that Tsardom might be replaced by a constitutional Monarchy. Some of the Cadets would have preferred this solution, and the genuine Conservatives object to any other. A few weeks of discussion proved its impossibility. Within a few days of the Tsar's downfall it rained revelations in Russia, and the whole unsavory story of Rasputin and his relations with the Imperial Family was given frankly to the world in a damning series of documents. That exposure made the Romanoff family impossible, and it was useless to argue that one might, with enterprise, discover a Grand Duke who was neither corrupt nor exactly illiberal. No other dynasty was available, and Russia could hardly go, like a Balkan State, to "look for a German princeling in a Viennese café." Within a month of the Tsar's abdication, it was certain that he could have no successor, and debate had long since ceased. The risk was no longer controversy, but conspiracy. The original decision of the first Provisional Government, following the Soviet, was to leave the whole question of Russia's future constitution to an elected Constituent Assembly. That was the proper course, and the only democratic solution. The Provisional Governments and the Soviets may be able to make a guess at the real intentions of the Russian people, with little or no risk of error, but the final decision in such a matter as this can only be taken after a popular vote. We imagine that the vote for a Republic will be practically unanimous, and M. Kerensky has been careful not to deprive the Assembly that must one day meet, of the real responsibility for adopting and defining a Republic. The delay in summoning the Assembly is probably inevitable. How can the army take its share in electing it, or the Government do its part in leading it, while the war goes on? But the delay is gradually forcing the Provisional Government to decide question after question which ought to be left to an elected assembly. It has entered into undertakings with the Ukraine, with Finland, and possibly with Siberia, which commit Russia to a system of federalism. No other solution is possible, and to our thinking no other would even be tolerable. The decision was inevitable, for otherwise the Ukraine would have broken away altogether.

None the less, this, too, is a decision which ought properly to fall to an elected assembly, for it is a decision which could not be reversed without incurring from the non-Russian populations a charge of bad faith. Finally, the Provisional Government, by way of reassuring the peasants, who were beginning to take the solution of the land question into their own hands, proclaimed in July the abolition of private property in land. It did this, we suppose, in order to induce the peasants to wait. They need not help themselves in such unseemly hurry to the big estates, because their views were certain to be met in due course in a regular and seemly way. We dare say that this declaration also was expedient, and even necessary, but, once more, it is one which only an elected assembly could properly take. In a period of excitement and emo-

tion, when a new world has suddenly revealed itself to Russian hopes, and the chained giant must stir his long-fettered limbs, it is idle to argue that these three great decisions are improper. They could not be avoided. One cannot in a time of revolution bind oneself for an indefinite period to do nothing and decide nothing. None the less, if the Cadets and the Conservative Opposition care to say that M. Kerensky, his fleeting Ministries, and the Soviets have no right to prejudge such immense issues, there is no answer save that some action was necessary to the safety of the State. Theoretically indefensible, these decisions were practically inevitable. It is once more the same dilemma which has confronted us already. There can be no stability in Russia, save amid peace through the calling of an elected Assembly.

General Korniloff's revolt has by its pitiable failure produced a result exactly contrary to that which the reactionary parties intended. The Revolution has been braced. The Soviet is once more the dominant force in Russia. Whether this is wholly a good result at the moment, remains to be seen. M. Kerensky has enjoyed a wonderful personal triumph, but at the very moment of victory he is left in dangerous isolation. He saw that he could restore the army only with the aid of veterans like Generals Alexeieff and Ruzsky. These two capable soldiers were always Liberals, but they are by no means Socialists, and were willing to serve only under a Coalition Cabinet. The Socialist Ministers, on the other hand, were not willing to collaborate with the Cadets, and M. Tchernoff has further a sharp dispute with M. Kerensky. The Cadets, in addition to attacking M. Tchernoff for his "predatory" land-scheme (which was fair argument, and well within the rules of the party game), have also accused him of being in German pay. That charge is now made so lightly by both sides that it has almost lost its sting, but none the less it is an absolute bar to collaboration in a Cabinet. The Cadets, moreover, or at least their Right Wing, still stand for the annexation of Constantinople and for a large programme of Imperialism. There are, to be sure, other Liberal elements in Russia who are easier to work with than the Cadets, but even Prince Lvoff, the most respected personality among them, had quitted the first Provisional Government primarily because he was fundamentally opposed to the Socialist land-scheme. For the moment, M. Kerensky has evaded the difficulty by a clever expedient. He has got together a "business" Government, which includes three non-party, middle-class men, with himself and M. Nikitin, a moderate Social Democrat. The Cadets cannot call it a Socialist Cabinet. The Socialists cannot complain of compromises with the Cadets. General Alexeieff, if he is of an accommodating temper, may feel that he has got a sort of Coalition to deal with. But on what does this little combination rest? Not on parties. Not precisely on the Soviet, which wanted an all-Socialist Ministry. Certainly not on the Duma, which is now likely to be dissolved as an embarrassing vestige of the old régime. It rests simply on the broad common-sense of the country, and on the extraordinary confidence which M. Kerensky has acquired by reason of his energy, his sagacity, and his evident disinterestedness. But it can be only a temporary solution. The moment that any serious decision has to be taken, any new departure initiated, a little personal Cabinet like this will feel the need of some representative body behind it. One hardly supposes, for example, that these five could venture to sign a treaty of peace on behalf of the Russian millions. The Soviets, which are, after all, elected bodies, may perhaps represent the town workers and soldiers as fairly as the Trade Union Congress repre-

sents our own working class. But the Peasants' Council can hardly have been elected at all, by any regular process, over the vast stretches of the thinly-peopled country-side. The Duma, again, may be able to speak for the numerically minute Russian middle class, which alone had any fair chance of electing it. But when these two bodies disagree—and they seem to agree only in their opposition to autocracy—who is to decide between them? Congresses are well-meaning expedients, but they are no substitute for an elected assembly. The new Republic has the sympathy and goodwill of the whole Western democracy. But to goodwill let us add understanding. It is wrestling with problems which are in themselves insoluble under present conditions. If the war drags on, we imagine that it will be forced, after all, to hold an election, and the usual suspense of fighting in the worst parts of the winter season may make this easier than it would be in France. Failing this expedient, it is hard to see how stability can be reached before peace.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES'S TASK.

It is nearly a year since the new large demands of the General Staff led the Government to recognize that, in order to furnish the necessary numbers of young men without letting down to a dangerous extent the necessary industries of the country, some comprehensive scheme of shifting labor from unimportant to important occupations would be necessary. This delicate problem they began to tackle in haste, in a wholesale fashion, with no adequate diagnosis, and at the wrong end. Picking up one afternoon Mr. Neville Chamberlain, they set him in an industrial recruiting enterprise to invite all sorts of men and women to quit the jobs they understood and the places where they had been living, in order to undertake work of greater national importance, which they did not understand, in some strange place, without any pledge as to the sort of work or the sort of place into which they would be put. The scheme was a foolish, a costly, and a dangerous one. The volunteer appeal was soon shown to be hopelessly ineffective. Then followed threats of industrial conscription, which, however, were dropped when the full technical difficulties of the enterprise opened out.

The revision of the National Service Scheme under Sir Auckland Geddes shows some real attempt to think out the nature of the problem. "A clear view of the labor needs of the country" is recognized as the prime essential. The first and most obvious cause of failure of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme was that, instead of first discovering the exact requirements of the necessary trades, and then inviting men from other trades to fill these posts, he relied upon merely general distinctions between necessary and unnecessary trades and general appeals. We gather that Sir Auckland Geddes, with his statistical department, will begin with a close survey as the basis of any shifting of labor, and an estimate of the necessary man-power in each branch of the necessary industries. When it is thus discovered what are the available demands and the available supplies of labor, men can be moved from the less serviceable to the more serviceable occupations, in such a way as to allow a certain further amount of recruiting for the Army and munitions industries to take place. Since Army recruiting as well as industrial service is placed under Sir Auckland Geddes's administration, it might appear at first sight as if the Government had, theoretically at any rate, grasped the full notion of economizing man-power for fighting the war. For the central defect of our war economy hitherto has been lack of co-ordination between recruit-

ing and the needs of civil industries upon the one hand, and between the competing claims of the several Government departments upon the other.

But though Sir Auckland Geddes appears to be endowed with this power of co-ordination so far as the various demands of the civil occupations are concerned, it is pretty evident that the central vice of the old system is retained—*viz.*, the priority of the Army. If, as we gather is the case, "the quota of men allocated to the Army by the War Council" is determined purely by military considerations, and is imposed upon Sir Auckland Geddes, his duty being to find these men with the least possible damage to the civil occupations of the country, the co-ordination and economy of manpower continue to be set at defiance. For, however skilful he might be in shifting young men from one civil occupation to another and in filling up interstices by voluntary drafts, the growing demands of the Army must imperil the stability of industry and the safety of our population. No special blame, of course, attaches to the Army. The General Staff naturally desires to have in training and ready the largest number of men available, though even here it may be well to bear in mind General Smuts's recent warning about excessive value set upon numbers of effectives as compared with materials. But neither the General Staff nor the War Council is seized of the fundamental truth that the economy of war is violated by withdrawing for the fighting forces a larger percentage of able-bodied men than can properly be spared. The proportion of our men already serving has reached the full limit which military experience lays down as safe, and as long as we continue to furnish from our civil industries many of the war requirements of our Allies, the urgency of maintaining a just balance between military and civil use of manpower remains paramount. Unless Sir Auckland Geddes is accorded the power of refusing to honor the demand notes of the War Office upon the ground that they are injurious to the net economy of manpower in the nation, the task to which he commits himself is a very dangerous one. For the growing wastage of our forces must be met out of a constantly diminishing supply of sound, vigorous men. The insistence of Sir Auckland Geddes upon the advantage of a larger proportion of older men of military age is doubtless reasonable, but it does not greatly ease the situation. For though we have contrived to squeeze out of our industrial system a far larger number of men than we should previously have thought possible without ruining our necessary home services, there are now many signs that the breaking point is all but reached. It may be said that the reserve power remains. Sir Auckland Geddes at present cannot finally remove workers from one trade to another unless they are men of military age. His new powers do not comprise industrial conscription in the full sense. No doubt we shall hear in some quarters a revival of this extreme demand, supported by an appeal to the logic of the necessity of State Absolutism in time of war. None the less this demand must be resisted, for two weighty reasons. In the first place, an elaborate scientific survey of all the labor needs and supplies of the nation, of which Sir Auckland Geddes speaks, is far too intricate and delicate a process to be undertaken in a hurry. In the second place, the forcible removal of masses of industrial workers from one trade to another, and from one place to another, belongs to the age of the Pharaohs and not to modern Britain. The thing cannot be done, and therefore had best not be attempted. Since, therefore, Sir Auckland Geddes will have to rely upon voluntary appeals for the greater part of his shifting processes, it becomes all the more essential that he should

insist upon making the control of military recruitment a real control.

One further consideration is reached by the striking picture which Sir Auckland Geddes gave of an army as itself comprising a more or less self-sufficing industrial community, not more than one man in twenty-five of whom was actually engaged in fighting. If this is so, it is evident that immense economies of total army strength can be achieved by close economical co-ordination of occupations within these military communities. Has the nation any valid assurance that any such skilled co-ordination takes place, and that there are no large wastages of man-power in these improvised societies? Is it not pretty certain that the huge demands for more men for the army are largely attributable, not to the necessity of putting more men into the fighting line, but to the loose organization of the war services which contain the 96 per cent. of the enlisted men? An easy supply of increased numbers is the worst way of healing this defect. For military authorities spend men as recklessly as money. If we are to conduct a war which may still have years to run, we must withdraw from the Army this right of drawing unlimited cheques upon our manhood and our money.

THE ARGUMENT OF TRANSPORT.

WHENEVER the war ends, it is clear that the sober judgment of Germany will regard it rather as a calamity than a success. The visions of vast indemnities running into hundreds of millions, and of the tribute in kind of conquered States, with which the war party still feeds the army, have not the smallest prospect of realization. It is extremely doubtful if anyone believes in them or thinks them of value except to encourage a weary soldiery to hold out. Within recent experience there have been epidemics of dysentery, the spread of tuberculosis, a growing death-rate of the very young and very old, the weakening in physique of the vast majority of the people, and the bitter suffering of almost all. While there was a chance of a real military victory it was possible to write off part of this vast sacrifice. But as this possibility has faded there has grown up among the more thoughtful of the middle classes a lively apprehension of the future. Unless they can secure terms which will ensure them an early and sufficient supply and distribution of raw material, the Central Empires are doomed to disaster, and every month that the war continues brings this spectre nearer.

The framework upon which the nominal life-rhythm of the modern State depends is a highly organized transport. Without it a nation may die even in the midst of plenty. In Russia to-day there is ample food to feed the people, but the transport, deficient even in peace time, is now, through the strain of war, almost insufficient to keep them in being. There is hope for Russia, however, since she can call upon the highly organized democracies of the West for help. But the Central Empires will not be so favored. They have barely enough food, and their transport is daily worsening. In some parts of Germany people of both sexes are compelled to unload the railway trucks so as to facilitate their rapid return. But this process merely means that the railway material is being more used, and will therefore wear out more quickly. With the withdrawal of almost all able-bodied laborers for service with the army, repairs are in arrears, and fresh construction far behind pressing needs. Every attempt has been made to lighten the pressure upon the railways. The transport by inland waterways has been highly developed; but it is liable to complete stoppage by the

seasonal changes which, by lowering the water level, forbid any but the lightest traffic. Towage upon some of the chief waterways threatens to break down, and even under the best conditions, there is the paramount need of repair and construction which casts the incidence back upon labor. Inland shipping has been brought more and more under the control of the military, but without counteracting the effects of a real shortage of transport. To some extent, the same factor is at work everywhere. But the Central Empires have more of their manhood in the field, and have a greater dependence upon internal transport.

Without realizing the urgency of this want of transport, the Central Empires have engaged on a plan of war that can only exaggerate it. The unrestricted submarine campaign directly strikes at the external transport which is more or less necessary to the modern industrial State. A successful German campaign would mean a vast reduction in the world's shipping, upon which Germany, like the rest of the world, must depend. Every ship that is sunk means a little less raw material for Germany. It is impossible for the Allies to give her better treatment than they give themselves. What shipping remains at the end of the war will be apportioned according to the decision of those who have severed relations with Germany. The Allies have it in their power to grant her better or worse terms; but, in any case, she will only get her share, and the submarine campaign is daily making this smaller, while her needs inevitably grow with the mere lapse of time. Herr Michaelis realizes the facts of the case without being able to grasp their implications or to find the way out. In January he contributed to the "Kölnische Volkszeitung" an article from which we take the following quotation:—

"There exists a widely prevalent hope that when peace comes, the system of restricted rations will cease. But this hope is deceptive. We must expect for a considerable time, perhaps for many years, a further limitation of consumption and the rationing of the most important foodstuffs. Germany in the coming years of peace will be forced to have recourse almost exclusively to such foodstuffs as can be produced within her own borders. Tonnage will be very scarce, and deterioration of the rate of exchange will also oblige Germany to import from abroad as little as possible."

His conclusion, oddly enough, is that the cry, "Give us peace, give us bread," has no basis in the situation at home. But we doubt whether this conclusion has now any wide acceptance in Germany. It is realized that raw material must be had from abroad, and must be distributed. There have been suggestions and counter-suggestions about the rationing of industries and the apportioning of tonnage to various raw materials. Numerous attempts have been made to settle the difficulties. The German Trade Congress assumes that inland transport will be available. But is industrial Germany going to content herself with this miserable restriction of her enterprise? If not, and she hopes to resume her external trade, both the amount of tonnage and the terms upon which raw material will be supplied depend upon the kind of peace she secures. She is bound to suffer serious hardship after the conclusion of peace; but it will be worse or better according to the terms she makes. For every day that she pursues the submarine campaign, she is worsening her chances. We cannot produce ships in a moment, and whereas the continuance of the land war is merely wearing out transport, that of the submarine is irretrievably destroying it. Thoughtful Germans must be alive to the dangerous possibilities of releasing five or six million men to semi-starvation and idleness, and it is strange that the Allies do not make fuller use of the argumentative weapon with which German militarism has provided them.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

So "politicanting Petrograd," as the "Morning Post" genially calls it, is the new capital of a new Republic. Excellent; and General Korniloff, the "Post's" "strong man," is in strong custody, and Kerensky, the target of the "Times'" scorn, is his gaoler; and the Revolution, which it would have killed, lives on. This is the figure which the "Times" cuts before the democratic powers of the Alliance, some of whom at least still take it for the voice of the Foreign Office (I have no doubt to the F.O.'s annoyance and disapproval) and the organ of free England. Now it and its allies advance, under the drums of the "Morning Post," to a new campaign. Because man's natural desire for peace rises (here and everywhere) after three years of the most terrible war he has ever known, England is pictured as overrun with a "poisonous" kind of pacifism. Our military campaign is treated as if nothing had come of it; the German Power as if it still straddled, like Apollyon, across Europe's path; peace as if it were an obscene word; negotiation as if there were any other way of ending a war. Not many voices break in on this din. General Smuts's is one of them, and he always speaks to the point. But if this febrile press really gave the national temperature, what a case would the country be in!

It is, I think, concerned, and no wonder. It hears little, and rarely in the same strain. On the food question one Minister (Mr. George) speaks of abundance; another (Lord Rhondda) of scarcity. One—need I say who?—preaches the doctrine of "silver bullets," and an almost unlimited supply of them; another speaks as if America had come in to save us from the poor-house. Never is the country treated as if it were rational and human. Never is policy really explained to it in temperate and thoughtful language. Yet it deserves better treatment. Its sacrifices are great; its personal sorrows and anxieties immense and ever-growing; the restraint it puts on itself exemplary for patience and endurance. But the "Times" and its kind are vastly mistaken if they think they can stop what they call "peace talk," without putting a gag on the whole nation. The peace discussion is universal. It is rather formless; it is not in the least degree prompted or organized; nor does it run on the lines of unqualified pacifism. But it is the subject which fills the mind of the people, so that its mere volume must at last reach, like a slow and full tide, to the authorized inlets of national expression.

THE appointment of Mr. Hewins to the Colonial Under-Secretaryship—a post in which he can do a great deal of Protectionist meddling—strikes one as a really gratuitous insult to Liberal sentiment. Curzon, Carson, Milner, Steel-Maitland, Lee, the great fish and the small fry of Toryism, we have borne. But Hewins, the Mollah of Tariff Reform, is too much. It seems impossible to think of a plausible reason for choosing him. He is not particularly able, and he is not exactly a figure of war. He is simply an honest, plodding fanatic, whose devotion to Protection touches on boredom even for its regular associates. What does it mean? That the Prime Minister no longer thinks it necessary to pay even a lip-service of respect to his old party and creed? This is not his accustomed tactics; so one must assume powerlessness to resist a Tory demand. Is that really the measure of Mr. George's position in his Cabinet?

I HAVE an affectionate remembrance of Dilke, and Miss Tuckwell's story of his life readily recalls that kind of memory of him. His own memoir is a real piece of self-delineation. He was full of feeling, and so was Chamberlain, though the one wore a good deal of his heart on his sleeve and the other did not. But, though Dilke had a kind of boyish demonstrativeness (his horse-laugh made Mr. Chesterton's guffaw sound in comparison like a delicate whinny); he was a shy writer and speaker. His memoir breaks a good deal of this ice; and shows much slyly humorous appreciation of his contemporaries. It is still better evidence of his good nature and his habit of objective criticism. I suppose he had no temper, and anger was a mere word with him. The man who injured him most was Stead; but the book contains no unfriendly verdict on his antagonist, and I never heard him deliver one. The Queen was always an opponent, and the Prince of Wales (King Edward) a friend; yet both are appraised with equal justice. Gladstone he never appreciated, for I think he regarded the Gladstonian mind as a kind of sugared Jesuitry, and Sir Charles liked his Jesuitry dry. But the picture of Gladstone in the Memoir is a noble one. And so is Miss Tuckwell's portrait of his own later and shadowed existence. If this was atonement, it was heroic. If—as so many of his friends believed—it was martyrdom, it was more heroic still.

THE Dilke Memoir adds a good many touches to Lord Morley's picture of the Irish struggle. Dilke's refusal of the Irish Secretaryship after the Phoenix Park murders was due to Gladstone's denial of Cabinet rank. And it seems that in Dilke's view, Chamberlain attached more importance to the office proposed for him in the 1886 Cabinet than Lord Morley imagined. Could he have been won by a more generous handling? Possibly. But Gladstone seemed to think more of the adhesion of the good but not able Spencer than of the loss of the all-important Chamberlain. One sees the values differently to-day. But the two men moved in different worlds, and when the supreme moment came for uniting them, want of knowledge, want of sympathy, the intrigues of smaller personalities and their own irreconcilability of character and temperament, kept them apart. Dilke was not, I think, an estranging element; if he was, the G.O.M. was not antagonized. His opinion on the divorce case was that Sir Charles should, after an interval, return to public life. This was also his view of Parnell. He wrote to this effect, and called at Sloane Street.

I HAD a pleasant meeting this week with M. Georges Weil, the Alsatian Deputy in the Reichstag, who, on the outbreak of war (quite naturally), espoused the French cause. Before the war M. Weil accepted autonomy—as a *pis aller*. Now I found him devoted to the radical solution. The *plébiscite* he judged to be impossible, on the double ground that it left the national spirit unsatisfied, and that as a compromise it had no attraction even for Germany. Independence he also rejected, largely on economic grounds. He distrusted Erzberger's movement because of his earlier association with the Tirpitz propaganda. He spoke with singular detachment and fairness of the German character, but thought its mentality less affected by the war than some of us here imagined. Thus the Socialist prisoners with whom he had talked shared the general view of a German victory, and had not even advanced to Republicanism. It was better, they thought, to retain the Kaiser.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"MAN AND WIFE."

IN the highest regions of human thought and feeling, the law is as much out of place as a plumber at an internal operation. The law is a useful, rough-and-ready servant for patching up average and ordinary breaches in society. It enables the established old concern to run smoothly on; we look to it as we fondly look to a plumber, however rough and unready, to enable the water to run freely, but without a deluge, in boilers, cisterns, and taps. But when we come to living tissues—to the water-pipes of the throat and stomach—it is not the plumber we send for; and when it is a question of the heart and brain—so inexplicable, so incalculable, so various—it is only in despair that we turn to law, and if the law intrudes, every reasonable man or woman resents the intrusion as clumsy or ridiculous.

We might put it another way: the law is like a guide-book—a guide-book based on experience, supplied with maps, and giving the kind of directions and information which the writer supposes useful or interesting to the average tourist. A "Baedeker" is a useful sort of thing. Most people like to have one if they are visiting a foreign country which has been explored. It tells you where to stay, what to pay; what to see, and, by implication, what to avoid. One can imagine a German professor, for instance, reading a "Baedeker" on Ireland, and believing that he knew all that was worth knowing about that country and her people—the roads and railways, the scenery, the number of population, the commerce, the religion, and so forth. Yet of the true country and of the real people he would know nothing at all—nothing of the light and shadow passing over the land, of the sound of waters and the common speech, nothing of the innumerable diversity. He might as well lay a large-scale map of Munster on his study carpet, and tramp about on it for a walking tour! So the law is the useful "Baedeker" of life—to the explored regions of life, and there are some still unexplored.

Love and marriage, one would think, had been well explored by now. Since history began, all manner of tale-tellers, dramatists, poets, novelists, psychologists, physiologists, sociologists, eugenists, and heaven knows what, have labored at the exploration. There is probably no subject on earth, except theology, upon which so much laborious as well as imaginative thought has been expended. There is none of any kind, not even excepting theology, which has caused so much merriment, frivolity, and indecent conversation, though one might have expected such a serious subject as the continuance of human life—its primary object—to be discussed with serious dignity too. At all events, whether in earnest or jest, one might have expected the whole field to be thoroughly explored and mapped by this time; for the explorers and surveyors have been at work upon it for at least six thousand years, and here, if anywhere, the "Baedeker" of the law ought to be complete, and those who follow that guide-book should never lose their way.

But if we look around us, we discover, to our astonishment, that the truth is very different. We discover that, though hardly any other region of human interest has been so attractive, hardly any is so difficult to survey, and to none, except theology, are the guides so contradictory and diverse. Even its exploration is not nearly final; its boundaries are not even vaguely drawn. Our poets and novelists—counted by hundreds, thick as the bureaucrats in our democracy—are continually perceiving new beauties, new terrors as they advance, and John Galsworthy's "Beyond" takes us only one step further in succession to Arabian tales. If there were not something new to say, some possible discovery still to make, we suppose our novelists would strike work, would shut the Book of Love, "clasped as a missal where swart Paynims pray," and write "Finis" to their toil. But no such thing. In uninterrupted stream—a stream uninterrupted even by war—the poems and novels of love and marriage descend upon us, new every morning.

There appears to be some touch of infinity in their theme; and what man or woman among us can wonder that the theme is inexhaustible, the whole country never surveyed? For we look out from the invented tales, and think of the lives around us and the explorations we have ourselves made or watched in the making—the fleeting attractions and desires, the half-lights of affection, the timid approaches and retreats, the baffling admixture of friendship with something more, the sensitive avoidance, the incredible illusion, the iron resolution, conscious it will yield, the tempestuous deluge submerging sin and virtue and forethought and reputation and kindness and all the world!

Into this maze of inextricable complexity, the law hacks its way, and it reasonably pleads that, for ordinary life, some sort of a path is needed. That is something like Bethmann-Hollweg's plea of necessity when the Germans hacked their way through Belgium; but in this case one may admit the plea, for here necessity knows law. Under the law, the Afghan ties one of his wives or concubines in a sack and runs a spear through it if she dares prefer another man to him. Under the law, for the same reason, the Englishman hurries from the side of his mistress to the Courts, exposes his wife to shame, takes her children from her, and cuts her adrift upon the world. In both cases, the law is rather rough-and-ready, but in our English law perhaps we may detect some slight evidence of advance. The object of many of the most thoughtful and experienced people in our times is to push that advance a few steps further.

One step has been taken already, and, though it is not commonly recognized, many others will lead from it. In his charge to the jury last week, Mr. Justice McCardie laid down the doctrine of English law by reminding them that a wife is not in any sense or measure the property of her husband. However much one may covet a neighbor's wife, she is no longer to be sandwiched in between his house, his ox, his ass, and his other desirable possessions. It is a principle of liberty which would shock most Orientals; would have shocked the law-givers who, in the highest form of Roman marriage, committed a woman into her husband's power as his absolute property; and probably would have shocked our own ancestors, who counted a wife among the chattels. In practice, it would have shocked the dear old Victorians too, and the majority of Englishmen to-day admit it only by their uneasy opposition. Yet, when once our law has taken that definite step, see what follows.

The first attempt at change for fifty years was made when Lord Gorell's Royal Commission was appointed in 1909. There were fourteen members, and the majority report was signed by ten, the minority by three, one member having died. After examining about 250 witnesses, the majority made numerous and important recommendations. The Commissioners were at once confronted by the contradictory opinions among Churchmen and prominent teachers of religion as to the nature of marriage, whether it can be dissolved by law or is absolutely indissoluble. In despair of consensus, they concluded:—

"In view of the conflict of opinion which has existed in all ages and in all branches of the Christian Church, among scholars and divines equally qualified to judge, and the fact that the State must deal with all its citizens, whether Christian, nominally Christian, or non-Christian, our conclusion is that we must proceed to recommend the Legislature to act upon an unfettered consideration of what is best for the interest of the State, society, and morality, and for that of parties to suits and their families."

The majority report, after this explanation, recommended a legal right to divorce under the six heads: adultery (with entire equality between man and woman, giving a wife the same legal right as a husband, if she chooses to exercise it); desertion for three years; cruelty; incurable insanity (after five years' confinement); habitual drunkenness (found incurable after three years); and imprisonment for life (under commuted death sentence). Hitherto, no attention has been paid by the Legislature to these recommendations. But there is a

further expression of opinion on the part of the majority, and upon that point a powerfully supported Bill is now to come before Parliament. The opinion was that "the remedy of judicial separation is an unnatural and unsatisfactory remedy, leading to evil consequences, and that it is inadequate in cases where married life has become practically impossible." The Bill (to be cited as "The Matrimonial Causes Act, 1917") consists of two brief clauses, their purport being: (1) decrees of judicial separation shall have the effect of divorce after three years, if either the husband or the wife make application to the Court; and (2) after a continuous separation of three years, whether by mutual agreement or for any other reason, any husband or wife may petition the High Court of Justice for a dissolution of marriage.

The supporters of the Bill rely chiefly on the random and casual relationships usual when men and women have been separated and are not permitted to re-marry. Numerous illegitimate families are raised, to the detriment and shame of the children abused as "bastards" among their companions. Hireling fornication in its basest form is encouraged, and men and women who cling to virtue are driven to a starved and incomplete existence, while the country is also deprived of children. Lord Sydenham estimates the number of separated people at a million, but even if there are only a quarter of that number, their case is hard, and at least half of them are probably innocent of any offence but suffering.

The proposal has, of course, roused the fury of some who limit the name of Churchmen to themselves. Lord Halifax has declared, "All who have regard for the Word of God as given to us in Holy Writ will oppose any such legislation to the very utmost of their power." The strongest ground of the opposition has been stated by Lord Hugh Cecil with his usual exaltation of temper ("Divorce and the Church": a Controversy between Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Divorce Law Reform Union). He insists that, according to Christ's explicit teaching, marriage is indissoluble. He sets aside as irrelevant the argument about the wide unhappiness caused by the ecclesiastical canon and even by the present married laws. "It is not too much to say," he urges, "that the mental position thus expressed is in direct antagonism to a fundamental characteristic of Christianity. Christianity is a religion the distinctive symbol of which is an instrument of torture." When we see the aristocracy taking up that instrument of torture by selling all that they have and giving it to the poor; when we see our bishops and clergy preaching and practising Christ's equally explicit commands about peace and goodwill; then we shall be more inclined to consider their defence of laws which press with special severity upon the working people. Until that far-distant moment arrives, we are compelled to agree with the Divorce Commissioners in recommending the Legislature to act upon an unfettered consideration of what is best for the State, society, and morality, if the law is to retain any living power in such personal matters at all.

HANDS OFF THE CHILDREN.

PRUSSIANISM is not a simple malady. It is a composite of many evils. Arrogance and servility, cruelty and cowardice, imposture and credulity are chief ingredients. It employs many methods of physical and moral oppression. The most insidious of these methods, however, is the organized abuse of the instruments of education, so as to mould the plastic soul of the young into conformity with the authoritative aims and tenets of a ruling caste, and to organize their spiritual life into a mechanical union. Many writers have dwelt upon the elaborate ingenuity employed by the university and school system of Germany in pumping this Prussic acid into the veins of German youths, how religion and philosophy, history, economics, and biology, have been pressed into this service, for teaching the lessons of submission to the Absolute State, engaged in the employment of material force for making the will of Germany prevail in

the world. This practice is the more malignant as the capacity of personal resistance is less. To tamper with the minds and feelings of little children, to exploit their tender passions and their naïve beliefs for the furtherance of some State policy, is the most dangerous of all the arts of tyranny.

If we were to publish the contents of an educational journal entirely devoted to an organized plan by which all the teachers on a given day should supply to the millions of children in their schools confident predictions of approaching victory, coupled with suggestions to continue the fight until they were in a position to impose terms of victory upon the enemy, and should require all these children simultaneously to put these inspired suggestions into "spontaneous" letters, written under the master's eye and addressed to father, brother, uncle, or other friend in the fighting line—we should have felt confident that this could occur nowhere but in Germany. But this confidence would have been misplaced. We have dwelt frequently during the last three years upon numerous instances of the successful inroads of Prussianism into our State system and our public administration. But the publication of "The Teachers' World" for September, with an opening article by the Prime Minister, entirely devoted to the mobilization of the minds of our little children for war material, marks a new record in a war for liberty. The whole issue purports to be devoted to the lesson of "Endurance." Many of the articles contain excellent morals and are well written. No one can deny that this is a time in which fortitude is demanded, not only from our soldiers, but from our civil population, and that it is a good thing that children whose years are equal to reflection should be brought to some realization of the troubles they may be called to bear both now and in the future. Patience under suffering and persistence in the attainment of good aims are admirable qualities for all of us. "The Teachers' World" draws its lessons from various sources, not only from the history of past wars, but from the annals of scientific invention and world discovery, and from the animal and plant worlds. Even its page advertisements of "Brynogen" and fountain pens preach "endurance" and "No Surrender."

Although there is a disagreeable note of artifice and mechanization in this elaborate appeal, it is at least arguable that since school children, like the rest of us, are liable to meet an increasing strain of suffering, physical and mental, as the destruction of life and the shortage of supplies continue, it is a good and proper thing for all who are in contact with and have influence over them to put in words of cheer and encouragement. But that is not the precise or avowed object of this rally of the child mind. All these lessons of endurance are to be pumped into the children's minds, not for the definitely educative end of making them more reasonable and responsible beings, but in order to come out in moral pressure on our soldiers. The central object is to get these children to convert their lessons of endurance into letters pouring in to the men at the front, in order to stiffen their fighting spirit, and to urge them to hold out by telling them that "everybody in the homeland is determined to endure until victory is won." In large type we have the statement that "a million letters sent now to our gallant fighting men may make all the difference." Now everybody recognizes what a cheerful, simple letter from a child, telling in the child's limited but suggestive way, what is going on at home, and carrying a message of love, may do for a soldier in the trenches. But a million stimulated letters, carrying the same impress of the teacher's tongue, making general statements about "everybody in the homeland," and the "sacrifices" which everybody is prepared to make, can have no wholesome, because no truthful, effect, either upon the soldiers who get them and understand how they are written, or on the children in whose name these fabrications go out. The worst bit of pure Prussianism, however, is the organized pretence that the letters are spontaneous, that they come from the child's nature, rather than from the grown-up character, imposing itself on the child's. "The letters must be natural and sincere; they must say what the

children want to say. If the teacher's preliminary chat with the children has been what we are sure it will be, they will have plenty to say that is worth saying." Repeatedly we are told how "above all, the letters must be natural."

Now, nobody with any knowledge of large classes in schools will be for one moment deceived by this pretence. The same article goes on to say "there must be no grumbles in the letter." Of course there will be no grumbles, not, indeed, because there is nothing to grumble about and no "natural" desire to grumble, but because the letters will be written under the teacher's eye. How much real spontaneity there is, we may gather from the fact that the letters, when written in school hours, are to be "collected by a monitor or a senior pupil in each class, and taken to the head teacher." "The older children," we are told, "should write their letters entirely by themselves; the younger ones should have as little help as possible. Very young ones might send just a cheery line or two from the teacher's copy on the blackboard." "From the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise!" The teacher will see that the pupils keep to the point. "The letters must not just say, 'How do you do?' but 'You're winning! We're proud of you! We'll see it through with you. Every one is helping!' and so forth."

Now, this is not the sort of letter a child would write unprompted and uninstructed. It is not spontaneous or natural. But every device possible is to be adopted to make it seem so. Since everything depends upon the quantity of these letters, every means will be applied to increase the quantity. The children do not know whether their soldier friends are winning the war or not. They have no right to any opinion upon the point. Yet they are to pretend they do know. They do not know whether everybody in the Homeland is bent upon the war going on until a complete victory is got. They cannot know. But they are to make this confident assertion.

Why this assumption that the spirit of our fighting men is flagging, and that such mean craft is needed to stiffen it? Is this a part of the new War-Aims propaganda? Who is qualified to instruct our teachers and their flocks that "Germany will hold out until she is finally beaten in the field?" or to assert that "Until Germany is beaten, there can be no peace that is not a German peace"? Many persons believe, with General Smuts, that Germany is beaten now, and knows that she is beaten. Why, then, this campaign to organize a public opinion in favor of a "knock-out" victory, which may be alike unnecessary and unattainable? There seems to us something essentially revolting in stimulating any grade of non-combatants to preach endurance to the men who are actually bearing the brunt of the terrible business, and to whom every day's continuance of the war means an added jeopardy of life and limb. How can we who live in safety and whose utmost endurance is measured in some trivial deprivation of sugar or of meat, have the right to bid our soldiers "stick it," or to "jolly" them up with stories of our enthusiasm for *la victoire intégrale*?

But if such expostulations are in vain, and if our Press and pulpits must be keyed up to this endurance note, we put in a final plea for the exemption of our schools. We ask that all those who believe that the civilization of the world depends upon the sane reasonable mind of the coming generation, to unite in insisting that Prussianism be kept out of our schools—Prussianism with its doctored history, its flag-worship, its processions, and its saints' days of a new religion. Our schools should be our strongholds of intellectual and moral liberty. To organize the minds and wills of little children for falsely patriotic service is a short cut to spiritual perdition. But there is something even worse than organizing the souls of little children. That is pretending that you are not doing so, but that their souls are moving spontaneously and naturally in the direction you would have them move. There is even a lower depth—the sincere belief that your organizing operation is commendable and that such criticism as is offered here must be the fruit of malice and unpatriotism.

Communications.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should be glad if you would allow me to make some comments on Mr. Brailsford's letter in your last issue which seems to me, even on the evidence now before us, to be seriously misleading as to the responsibility which attaches to what he calls the Russian "War Party."

First, it is necessary to point out that the reports of the evidence of the two Generals in the form in which we have hitherto received them, contain such obvious contradictions and discrepancies that these statements can only be accepted with great reserve. This, however, is not the point on which I desire to dwell on this occasion. It is more important to point out what seems to me an essential difference between the two "War Parties"—the War Party at Berlin and the War Party at Petrograd.

As I read the evidence—and I do not think that Mr. Brailsford will differ from me in this—the War Party at Berlin took the initiative and deliberately used the opportunity of a quarrel between Austria and Serbia to force to a head the issue between the Central Powers and Russia. They did this with the object of putting Russia in the dilemma of accepting what everyone—he himself included—agrees would have been "a challenge to Russia and a tremendous blow, if it succeeds, to Russian prestige." It is possible that they really believed that Russia would give way and not risk a war; but even so, it was "a dangerous, a criminal gamble." And if we consider all the evidence, for instance in particular the circular Note sent from Berlin to the German Governments on July 28th, it is difficult not to regard it as "a calculated march into a general war." It is true that from the 29th onwards, the forces of moderation began to make themselves felt at Berlin; but they did so only after it became apparent that if they went to war Great Britain also would probably be involved, and, as we know from the revelations of "Junius Alter"—to which I have called attention in my book, "The German Chancellor and the Outbreak of War"—these forces of moderation were bitterly opposed by the War Party in Berlin, who avowedly used every effort to force on the war when they began to fear that they might be deprived of their desire.

It is, then, I think, incontrovertible that the War Party at Berlin deliberately, after full preparation and with characteristic persistence, did everything in their power to bring about a war which was absolutely unnecessary and could easily have been avoided. Their responsibility is much greater than that of Austria; for, after all, Austria had a serious cause of quarrel with Serbia, and the fault of the Austrian Government and of the Austrian people seems rather to have been one of criminal levity.

How does it stand with regard to the "War Party" at Petrograd? Surely the situation here was completely different; their activity was not spontaneous, they did not take the initiative; they only became active when they found that there was being forced upon them an unprovoked quarrel, and they won their point, if they did win it, only after every effort to secure some other means of solving the difficulty and removing the crisis had been prevented by the obstinate refusal at Berlin to accept repeated proposals for mediation.

It is impossible to accept Mr. Brailsford's account of these affairs. I will not speak of the accusation against General Januskevitch, which I have dealt with at length in the "Westminster Gazette." There is a more serious error which has crept into and completely vitiates his whole narrative—an error in his treatment of the question of "complete and partial mobilization."

What was Russia to do when war was declared on Serbia? I suppose that everyone will agree with the proposition that as soon as an Austrian army was in fact attacking Serbia, and when the invasion of the country was beginning, when more than half the Austrian army had been in fact mobilized for a campaign in the Balkans, some degree of military preparation and some mobilization in the Southern Provinces was inevitable and justifiable. I shall be glad to hear whether Mr. Brailsford accepts this proposition; I imagine that he will do so. I imagine that he will also accept the position that if Russia had been allowed to carry out a partial mobilization, as was her first intention, this would, supposing Austria and Russia had been left alone, have succeeded in its purpose and have compelled Austria to enter into negotiations. But, unfortunately, Austria and Russia were not left to deal with the matter alone. Germany at once interfered, and in the most peremptory manner warned Russia that no mobilization—even against Austria—would be permitted, and announced officially that even Russian partial mobilization would almost inevitably involve war with Germany. It is on this point that Mr. Brailsford has misled his readers. He states:—"It was known, it was frankly advertised, that if Russia mobilized on the German front, Germany

would mobilize, too, and her mobilization was equivalent to war." This is a very incorrect account. This is not what Germany said. Germany said that mobilization against Austria would lead to war. As early as the 26th, a written Note was presented by Pourtales at Petrograd, which begins as follows:—"Preparatory military measures by Russia will force us to counter-measures which must consist in mobilizing the army. But mobilization means war." Throughout the whole negotiations this was the note which, with sinister persistence, was kept up in every communication to Petrograd. On the 29th, Count Pourtales reports that in communication with Sazonoff he said:—"I could merely promise to report the conversation and took the position that, after Russia had decided upon the baneful step of mobilization, every exchange of ideas appeared now extremely difficult, if not impossible." (Mobilization here means partial, not general mobilization.) On the 30th, Major von Eggeling, from his own account, said to Prince Troubetzki:—"I then told him that the guilt for the measureless consequences lay at the door of premature mobilization against Austria-Hungary. He need not wonder if Germany's army was to be mobilized." And this was what the Emperor said on the 29th:—"Naturally military measures by Russia, which might be construed as a menace by Austria-Hungary, would accelerate a calamity which both of us desire to avoid"; and on the 30th:—"If Russia, as seems to be the case, according to your advice and that of your Government, mobilizes against Austria-Hungary, the part of mediator with which you have entrusted me in such friendly manner and which I have accepted upon your express desire, is threatened, if not made impossible. The entire weight of decision now rests upon your shoulders, and you have to bear the responsibility for war or peace." In this there is complete consistency in every message sent to Russia; not once do the Germans agree that partial mobilization was natural and right. Had they done so, the issue would have been different, and they knew that it would have been different.

What conclusion could the Russian Government come to from all these communications except that if they refrained from mobilization, they were simply accepting the humiliation which Germany was trying to force upon them; but that if they mobilized against Austria-Hungary, Germany would at once go to war? What could they do? Surely they were driven, and one almost feels that they were being deliberately driven, to extend their military measures. If they did mobilize partially, they must expect an immediate ultimatum or declaration of war from Germany. Under these circumstances, what course was open to the military advisers of the Tsar, except to impress upon him that if he determined on partial mobilization, i.e., for calling out the reserves in part of the army, he must allow them to press on with the greatest energy all the preliminary measures for calling out the reserves in the rest of the army; for if they did not do so, they might at any moment be confronted with a war for which they would be unprepared, on the two fronts.

And all the time there were coming constant reports of military preparations which were being carried on in Germany. Does Mr. Brailsford doubt that during the week everything had been completed in Germany short of calling out the reserves? If they did not anticipate war, if they were not prepared to fasten a quarrel on Russia which would almost inevitably drive her to war, why should they have made these military preparations? And why does Mr. Brailsford, in his account of the matter, omit all reference to them?

As I read the account of what happened at Petrograd, it seems to me that the Russian Government was in a state of pitiable indecision, and this indecision was the inevitable consequence of the action of the German Government and the German Emperor; but I cannot but feel indignation at the conduct of the Emperor who, professing as he did to be a friend of the Tsar, used all the powers of his superior will and ability to force him to accept the humiliation which had been so carefully prepared for him; and, knowing what we now know as to the previous relations of the two monarchs, knowing as we do that on previous occasions the Tsar had been led away by his masterful cousin to accept a policy which was repudiated by all his advisers, can we be surprised that those responsible for the military security of Russia resorted to every means in order to counteract his dangerous influence? In the whole story there is nothing more distasteful than the part assigned to the Emperor, viz., that of misusing his influence over the Tsar so as to bring him to adopt a policy the inevitable result of which must have been to sacrifice vital Russian interests to Austria and Germany.

I do not wish on this occasion to enter into a general discussion as to the matters raised by Mr. Brailsford in his last words; but I cannot resist making one comment. He attributes the war to the War Parties in the two countries, Germany and Russia. The War Party in Russia has now been definitely overthrown; as things are at this moment, the danger to the peace of Europe from Tsardom has disappeared. That from Germany still remains. He would apparently stop the war now without any guarantees for the future; but if we did so, in what condition would Europe be? After all, Russian militarism was

a very real check to the power and ambitions of Germany. It has gone; the German Army, the German Army leaders, German militarism, remain; and, if we made peace now, it, existing alone upon the Continent of Europe, would be without any check or control. Is this a conclusion of the war which he would welcome? Are not those wiser who say that no termination can be accepted until we have a security that the influences in Germany which brought about the war are broken and destroyed for good and all? This may be done by external pressure; it may be done by internal reform. As a matter of fact, what appears to be happening in Germany is that external pressure is bringing about the first stages towards internal reform. Has the process gone far enough? Has Germany undergone enough? Have we security that if peace were made now things would not revert at once to the position in which they were three years ago? I wish, as everyone must wish, that enough had been done; but I will confess that I cannot avoid the apprehension that if his advice were taken, and peace, as he seems to suggest, were now made, we should find ourselves in the presence of a military Germany essentially identical with that of the past, and if this were so, what prospect would there be of the League of Nations, of the peaceful Europe, of the disarmament, which Mr. Brailsford and all of us desire?—Yours, &c.,

J. W. HEADLAM.

Wimbledon. September 18th, 1917.

Letters to the Editor.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

SIR,—Mr. Brailsford's letter in your issue of Saturday last, despite its length, does not seem to lead to any definite conclusions; and your readers would, doubtless, be glad of a little further elucidation of his aims.

Summarized briefly, Mr. Brailsford's point would appear to be that the real makers of the war were two Russian Generals, who thwarted the peaceful intentions of the Tsar, and that innocent, peace-loving Germany was not to blame.

Now there are two things that strike the ordinary reader in considering Mr. Brailsford's story. The first is that, as he admits in a modest foot-note, it comes from German sources, and that "there is a gap in the German text." *O sancta simplicitas!* The only wonder is that the German censor should have troubled to make that "gap"; but probably it was the high art of faking, like the "accidental pip" carefully introduced into the artificial lemonade. As to the "apparent confusion" to which Mr. Brailsford confesses, he may be referred to Mr. Headlam's careful analysis of the documents in the "Westminster Gazette" of Monday and Tuesday.

The second point is one of logic. Let us concede for a moment that Generals Sukhomlinoff and Januskevitch were really guilty of the conduct attributed to them by Mr. Brailsford. Of what value, then, is their evidence, even if it were really given and not invented by the German censor? Who would hang the proverbial dog on the testimony of men of that character?

But there is a graver question. Mr. Brailsford's somewhat turgid conclusion, if it means anything, suggests that we should cry quits with Germany on the ground of a "regrettable misunderstanding." But Mr. Brailsford appears to forget that, even if he settles the question of the origin of the war to his own satisfaction, there is the still graver question of the conduct of the war. Has Mr. Brailsford any explanations of the rape of Belgium, the sinking of the "Lusitania" and the hospital ships, the use of poison gas, the horrors of the German prison camps, the testament of General von Bissing, the action of Count Luxemburg, the murder of neutral crews, and the other horrors which reveal, with unerring accuracy, the German mentality? Probably for these also he would refer us to the pages of the German Press; but most decent people will, despite his disclaimer, prefer Mr. Wilson's view.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD JENKS.

9, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2.

September 19th, 1917.

SIR,—In your issue of September 8th, commenting on the Sukhomlinov disclosures, you draw the conclusion that "anyone who reads these revelations candidly . . . must realize that in 1914 there were two war parties at work—a German-Austrian and a Russian. Both were active, and both were unscrupulous. Between them they made the war. The guilt of the German-Austrian military party is most conspicuous at the early stages of the crisis . . . the guilt of the Russian war party towards its close."

The truth of the last statement is by no means apparent. It is admitted that the Austrian Government (with the moral support of Germany) had presented Serbia with an unprecedented ultimatum, and, in the face of a reply conceding nine-

tenths of its demands, had refused arbitration on the remaining tenth, and peremptorily declared war. It is devoutly to be wished, in the light of later events, that the Entente Powers and Italy had there and then united to warn Austria off Serbia on pain of instant hostilities. At the worst, it could only have hastened the present conflict; at the best, it might have avoided it. The Powers, however, thought otherwise; and Russia took up Austria's challenge alone. Was Russia to blame in that?

Our judgment on what followed cannot be divorced from the foregoing circumstances. But even if we pass them over, and ignore the question of responsibility in the Serbian dispute, what do we find? The crucial question is whether the Russian general mobilization justified Germany's declaration of war. The Germans say that they were thereby forced, not merely to mobilize in turn, but to declare immediate war, on the ground that it was vital for them to get their blow in first. In the next breath, they defend the violation of Belgian neutrality on the ground that they were obliged to try to crush France as quickly as possible, in order to be free later to meet the slower Russian mobilization. Thus they defend their precipitation of war by saying that Russia was too fast for them, and their violation of Belgium by saying that Russia was, after all, slow enough to be allowed to wait! If the determining factor was the imminence of the Russian attack, why did Germany not concentrate her main forces on the Russian frontier, while leaving sufficient men in the West to contain France in the Vosges? If, on the other hand, the governing consideration was Russia's slowness, why did Germany precipitate war, instead of falling in with Lord Grey's conciliation proposals? I see no escape from this dilemma.

Granted that both German and Russian war parties were equally unscrupulous, yet it so happens that Germany, and not Russia, made this war.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT ARCH.

[We have never regarded the full Russian mobilization as excusing Germany. But we are afraid it gave the German war party a plea they might otherwise have lacked.—Ed., THE NATION.]

SIR,—Mr. Brailsford's letter recalls vividly to my mind a conversation in which I took part at Cettinje at the very beginning of October, 1912, a few days before Montenegro declared war.

It was at the Russian Girls' School, the centre of Pan-Slav propaganda for the whole district. Madame Mertvago, its head mistress, was the friend of the Dowager Tsaritsa, who supplied most of the funds. I called on her to learn her view of the situation. She was jubilant, and all for war. In came a member of the Russian Legation, in haste and worried. He had come to urge on her the necessity for doing all she could to keep the peace. She maintained the hour was ripe; he, that it was not. She said, "war must come." He talked Russian and looked at me. I rose to leave, saying that perhaps they wished to talk secrets. Madame protested that I knew so much of the situation that I might stay.

He replied, "yes, if she undertakes not to immediately write all this to a London newspaper."

He then continued, speaking to Madame: "Of course, the war must come. But not now, I tell you. When it comes, it will settle the Eastern Question. We mean to do it. But"—he was most emphatic—"if it comes now we cannot take part in it. And we must not have a war in the Near East without Russia."

Madame said: "Oh, yes! We said in 1877 that we could not and would not come in. But we did." He seemed very vexed, and said vehemently, "To-day it is quite another thing. First, we have no excuse. We cannot move unless Austria should do so first. And should she do so, it will not be well for us—for we are not yet ready. All is going forward—the reorganization of the army. But at this moment—now—we cannot go to war. Simply, we cannot. These people here are mad. The Great War will come in due time. They must wait. Otherwise, I tell you, it may mean ruin."

"And when will you be ready for the Great War?" I asked.

"In about two years," he replied. "In 1914 we shall be ready, completely ready." Conversation turned to the efforts which must be made to restrain King Nikola from precipitating events. But the words which were burnt into my memory were: "In 1914 we shall be completely ready." And they were the first thing that flashed into my mind when, at Durazzo, I heard of the crime of Sarajevo. It must never be forgotten, though, that during the first Balkan war Austria had more than one excuse, as good as many which have served to make war upon, but she kept the peace.

It may be urged that the Russian Legation man stated that Russia would be ready in two years, and that only twenty-one months had elapsed when Russia mobilized in 1914.

But we see from letter 97 in the Blue Book issued at the beginning of the war Sazonof's reply when told that the German Government was willing to guarantee the integrity of Serbia, "This might be so, but nevertheless Serbia would become an

Austrian vassal. . . . There would be a revolution in Russia if she were to tolerate such a state of affairs."

Subsequent events have proved pretty clearly that for the Russian people to proclaim a revolution for the sake of Serbia was in the highest degree improbable. But that Sazonof really dreaded revolution and "rushed" the Great War seems now equally certain. The conquest and possession of Byzantium, if speedily accomplished, might have buttressed the Tsar's rickety throne for many years yet.—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM.

THE POSSIBILITY OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

SIR.—I would like your correspondent "C." if he would be so good, to be a little more explanatory and precise. And if he will allow me, I will put to him a concrete case for his consideration and reply.

Two men—I am writing of cases I know—"A" and "B," both earned good salaries in positions of responsibility. Each had a wife and daughters. "A" used a considerable portion of his income in insuring his life for the benefit of his wife and children. He died, and the insurance moneys came to his family and were invested in Railway Stock, upon the income from which they now live. "B" spent all his income, did not insure his life, died, and left his widow and children entirely unprovided for. His friends were called upon to subscribe a little money to render help to an absolutely poverty-stricken household.

Will "C." please say if "A's" family, as capitalists (for such they are to the extent of their investments), are to be robbed? If words mean anything, "the abolition of unearned income"—which "C." upholds—would in this instance at least be pure and unadulterated theft.

Yet "C." writes that "the wealth which this (i.e., unearned income) presently represents must be transferred from private to common tenure." Exit thrift!—Yours, &c.,

BRAIN WORKER.

PARTIES: NATIONAL AND OTHERS.

SIR.—Your note on the "National Party" opens up interesting vistas of speculation, particularly in the striking words, "the tendency is . . . to the modification and enlargement of the old [parties], to broader and more catholic definitions, and to groups acting together for common ends."

The whole party system, in fact, is in the melting-pot; now is the time to make up our minds, deliberately and yet rapidly, as to how we should wish politics to resettle themselves after the war. We surely do not want a return to anything like the old party game. The introduction of what have at least professed and aspired to be "National Governments" has suggested an ideal, however little we may be satisfied with its present embodiment.

The problem is how to establish a genuine National Government. It is obviously useless to think that all men of goodwill will simply abandon their parties and combine together, without further question, on the basis of promoting the national welfare. The ideas which are and will be entertained as to the best methods of promoting this, are too widely divergent to admit of so easy a solution. Those who hold more or less similar views as to main lines of policy must needs combine together. Parties, in short, there must be. But "the Party System," as we have known it, is a very different thing. Why must there be precisely two armies, assumed to be both diametrically opposed to one another all along the line, and perfectly (for all practical purposes) homogeneous within themselves? Why must one of the great parties be either absolutely "in power" or else completely out of office? Why must the transfer of a Parliamentary majority of, say, twenty from one side to the other mean a complete reversal of the whole régime? Why, on the other hand, should a Government and its policy both persist unchanged though its majority falls from 150 to 20, or rises from 20 to 150?

All these anomalies may fairly be said to have become parts of the Constitution; for our unwritten Constitution consists of a complex of understandings no more authoritative than these. But why can we not, before peace has re-established the old thing, get definitely accepted an entirely new set of understandings? It is surely eminently desirable that it should be the standing rule henceforward that the Government shall always be a coalition one. Its composition might easily be made to vary automatically with the changes of party strength in the House of Commons. Thus every advance won by the parties of the Left would mean a shedding from the Government of some extreme Right elements, and a strengthening of the representation of the Left, and particularly the bringing in of more Radical elements. Similarly, every swing of politics towards the Right would mean a similar reconstruction in the contrary sense. Such changes would take effect not only (as now) when the centre of gravity had been shifted across the centre line; and, on the other hand, not even an 1886 would mean the total disappearance from the Government of all elements of the Left, nor a 1906 that of the whole of the Right.

The advantages of such a system would be:—

(1) A real continuity of policy through all changes, in place of the violent dislocations and arbitrary reversals to which we have been accustomed; and therewith a certain stability even through a prolonged period of unusually rapid transition.

(2) The general and permanent adoption of the method of settlement by agreement, such as we seem to have secured in regard to the franchise, as we have been long striving for in the case of Home Rule, and as we may, in the end, attain as to the question of a Second Chamber. It would come to be recognized that true democracy does not mean the enforcement of the absolute will of a bare majority, but the carrying out of that general will which is expressed by the resultant (taking into account intensity of conviction and strength of will as well as mere numbers) of the many shades of view within the nation.

(3) A great strengthening of the hands of independent members and sections as against both the Government of the day and the party-machines.

(4) A powerful tendency of the great parties to resolve themselves into more or less independent groups, with an immense gain in the way of political honesty and freedom of political thought.—Yours, &c.,

N. E. EGERTON SWANN.

24, Lime Grove, Uxbridge Road, W. 12.

MILTON AND MARRIAGE.

SIR.—The prose writings of Milton are ignored even by educated men with a veritable ignorance; and even some thinkers and writers on the subject of the Church and Divorce may never have read his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," although it should be their classic; although it is exhaustive, and therefore topical; although it is *de profundis*, and therefore universal, dynamic, kinetic, possessing the urge for reform, the propagandist power which has passed from the pamphlet to the novel (Poem, Oration, Pamphlet, Novel—are not these the successive forms of this progression?).

On the passage in St. Matthew referred to by your correspondent, Mrs. Seaton-Tiedeman, as the basis of the Church's argument against divorce, he writes:—

"But here the Christian prudence lies, to consider what God hath joined. Shall we say that God hath joined error, fraud, unfitness, wrath, contention, perpetual loneliness, perpetual discord?"—Yours, &c.,

E. H. VISIAK.

30, Cavendish Road, N.W. 6.

"THE THIRD HORATIO."

SIR.—A reader whose constant regret is that THE NATION is not published daily instead of weekly, may be permitted to express his regret at the publication in your columns of an article entitled "The Third Horatio." It is true, as the article stands, that a case of sorts is made out against Mr. Bottomley; but it is an easy matter, in the case of the greatest as in that of the least, to transplant certain passages from one context to another and thus formulate against their author an incontrovertible charge of gutter scribbling, insincerity, and general hooliganism. It would be difficult enough to tolerate such an indictment if made against a mere journalist, a novelist, or even a critic; how much more distressing does it become when drawn against one whose whole life has been such a consistent dedication to the cause of beauty and truth and justice? Where else but in the pages of "John Bull" shall we find a logic so convincing, a style so chaste, an appeal so provoking? The prophecies of Mr. Bottomley will be remembered by our countrymen when the heat and fury of these days have been forgotten, and there will be those who will still marvel at their fulfilments. Was he not right when he said, "To Hell with Serbia"? A trifling difference as to the instrument to be employed should not minimize the distinction of this pronouncement. The Press to-day, in general, is employed to inflame our passions, to obscure the issues, to paint the lie in its fairest colors. It is good that we should be able to turn to a journal like "John Bull," which puts truth before popularity, honor before success, the minority that is always right before the majority that is always wrong.

Mr. Bottomley, with a very natural modesty, has described himself as The Third Horatio. May not we, with less modesty, describe him on our national prospectus as The Horatio?—Yours, &c.,

F. W. B.

THE RULE OF THE TURK.

SIR.—Mr. D. Fox-Pitt is so incorrigibly devoted to his blood-stained and diabolical Turkish friends that it would seem almost hopeless to reply to his letter which appeared in your issue of the 1st inst. under the heading of "War Aims."

Nevertheless, I think it is necessary to expose the thin pacifist disguise in which he hopes to assist in perpetuating the universally execrated and hideous Turkish rule in essentially non-Turkish territories, such as Mesopotamia and Armenia. To this end, he patronizingly claims that:—

"The British Socialist Party is the only political body which has put the right interpretation on the words 'no annexations.' They have suggested that Mesopotamia be transferred to Turkey."

He further goes on to say:—

"No specious argument can make it right for us to remain in Mesopotamia if we subscribe to the Russian formula of 'no annexations.' As regards Armenia, a plebiscite would probably reveal the fact that the great majority of the inhabitants would prefer to remain under Turkish rule. I am told by those in a position to know that the Armenian Christians number only 22 per cent. of the population."

Everything would, of course, depend on who supervised the plebiscite; but, as a matter of fact, Russian pacifists do not consider that the liberation of Armenia, Mesopotamia, Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Trentino, &c., would be in the nature of annexations, any more than the liberation of Belgium or Serbia. Armenia and Mesopotamia have never been Turkish soil. The Turks have tried forcibly to colonize them, and have dismally failed in precisely the same way as their German friends have failed in East, West, and South-West Africa. This, of course, would not be admitted by Mr. Fox-Pitt; but I should like to be permitted to put him one or two questions. If, presumably, he thinks that because, thanks to the Turkish massacres, the Armenian population of Armenia is only 22 per cent. of the whole, Armenia should continue under the Turkish yoke, on what ground does he advocate the return of liberated Mesopotamia to the blighting tyranny of his Turkish friends, seeing that there is practically no Turkish population in Mesopotamia?

Since he relies so much on the Socialists, is he not aware that Socialists are distinctly of opinion that after this war Armenia must not remain under Turkish rule? And does he approve of the Socialist War Aims? He seems to rejoice that the Armenian massacres have reduced Armenian numbers sufficiently to place them in a minority in their own land. But he will be perhaps disagreeably surprised that the Armenians still constitute the largest unit of population in Armenia.

Moreover, the whole non-German and non-Turkish world recognizes that it would be gross injustice if the lives of those hundreds of thousands of Armenians who have fallen and died in this war were not to be counted in the final reckoning at the Peace Conference.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES A. MALCOLM.

58, Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3.

September 10th, 1917.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF C.O.'S.

SIR,—I am directed by the Special Committee entrusted with the interest of Conscientious Objectors employed in the Home Office camps to request that you would give publicity to the enclosed memorial, which has been submitted to the War Cabinet by the Special Committee.—Yours &c.,

C. H. NORMAN.

Dartmoor Prison, Princetown. September 15th, 1917.

"SIR,—On behalf of a very large number of Conscientious Objectors employed under the Home Office Committee on the Employment of Conscientious Objectors, we are directed to make the following representations concerning the status and position of the men employed in the Home Office camps.

"Practically all who accepted the scheme did so in the belief that work of real social value would be provided thereunder.

"It was thought that such work would be of a normal civil character and under conditions approximating to the circumstances of normal industry.

"In other words, it was generally understood that the scheme was promulgated by the Government in order to utilize, in an efficient manner, the capacities of a considerable number of men, who, otherwise, would be wasting their lives and the national resources in detention barracks or in prison.

"The experience of the year during which the scheme has been in operation has proved that the Home Office scheme in no way complies with this view.

"Furthermore, the regulations and the conduct of the Home Office Committee, which may or may not have correctly carried out the intentions of the Government, have been upon the principle that the persons employed were to be penalized in every way, though the King's Pardon had removed them from the status of prisoners to that of civilians.

"By far the main portion of the work provided under the scheme has been economically wasteful, penal in character, and such as could only be devised for punishment rather than utility.

"For instance, at Dartmoor, the work allotted to the Conscientious Objectors is exactly the same as that given out to the convicts—it is penal servitude, not productive work.

"The Government has, therefore, been placed in the position of condoning and permitting a policy under which extensive waste of national resources—in men, money, and materials—has been continued at a period when economy in national resources was considered a vital need.

"In actual working, the scheme exhibits very grave defects in that the regulations can only be paralleled by those applied to convicts and prisoners in local prisons, which is a breach of the terms of release from prison, which laid it down that the work would be under civil control.

"No reasonable reading of that phrase would interpret it as authorizing the imposition of prison regulations on persons of civilian status who were not prisoners.

"We respectfully urge upon the Cabinet that the experience of a year's working of the Home Office scheme has demonstrated its futility and wastefulness.

"We therefore beg to suggest the following alterations:—

(1) That the Central Tribunal should be empowered to issue Certificates of Exemption from all forms of military service to all men adjudged genuine by that tribunal.

As we understand that the Home Office Committee is limited by its Terms of Reference, we venture to suggest that the Terms of Reference be revised so as to embody the following principles.

(2) The Committee should not have the power of returning men to prison or of recommending their recall to the Army.

"We point out that the claim to return men (who have been held by the Central Tribunal in its advisory capacity to be genuine Conscientious Objectors) to the Army is totally inconsistent with the intention of Parliament, and with that section of the Military Act which declared that a genuine Conscientious Objector should be immune from all kinds of military service.

"It is also a flagrant breach of the specific undertakings given in the Houses of Parliament by Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Asquith, Mr. H. Samuel, Mr. Walter Long, and other Ministers, when the Military Service Act was being debated.

(3) We suggest that the limitation by which men can only be employed in groups should be deleted from the Terms of Reference and the Committee should have power (where the men desire it, but not otherwise) of sanctioning employment as individuals at the usual prevailing rates and conditions, and to authorize men under their control to return to their previous employers or occupations.

(4) That all regulations creating as offences, acts that are not offences against the ordinary criminal laws, should be withdrawn, so that Conscientious Objectors employed by the Home Office Committee should have the same legal status as ordinary civilians who have received exemption from the military service tribunals. In other words, men should not be liable to be returned to prison except after a trial in open court before a magistrate, and the sentence should be decided by that court only, with the usual right of appeal.

"On behalf of the men in the Home Office Camps and Work Centres."

WHAT SOLDIERS THINK.

SIR,—Let me add my protest to those you have already received on the ban on THE NATION. I look forward to the receipt of THE NATION with an eagerness only exceeded by the thirst for domestic news, which alone private correspondence can convey. I ought to be surprised at this last example of bureaucratic stupidity bolstered up by chicanery. I am not; because it exactly fits my experience of that outworn institution. "As little children fear the dark," so the bureaucrat shrinks from publicity. Light is his enemy; but light is necessary to guide us in the path of conduct. Hence, as a natural corollary, we have no need of bureaucracy.—Yours, &c.,

STEGACE.

WHAT COLONISTS THINK.

SIR,—The ban on THE NATION seems to me the meanest and most petty action which has been taken by any Government of any country since the beginning of the war. But I hope THE NATION will still pursue its undaunted path on behalf of liberty, humanity, and righteousness. THE NATION is our intellectual bulwark of Freedom, an island in an ocean of irrationality and intolerance. All friends of Liberty throughout the world will feel nothing but sympathy for your journal thus conspired against.

THE NATION has always raised its voice on behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed, and always on behalf of poor dumb animals. And more than any journal does it express what is now the world-wide feeling:—

"Of old things, all are over-odd;

Of good things, none are good enough.

We'll show that we can help to frame

A world of other stuff."

I do not think I speak too strongly on the case if I address the spirit of THE NATION with the lines:—

"Thou hast great allies.

Thy friends are exultations, agonies,

And Love, and man's unconquerable mind."

—Yours, &c.,

M. D. GULLETT.

"Hindfell," Wahroonga, New South Wales, Australia.

Poetry.

IN THAT QUEER EMPTY ROOM YOU SPOKE OF WARS

(In memory of ELLIOT H. CROOKE, killed in the Battle of the Somme, July 9th, 1916.)

In that queer empty room you spoke of wars,
Seeing this barren continent of ours
Bleached to a silent whiteness like the stars
Or the old unechoing moon; the fainting powers
Of man being grimly gathered to some foul
Last work of rapine so a peace should be
Not of their making: after the last lone howl
A silence mightier than humanity.

The room is silent of our presence now.
You are among the dead. The blasphemies
Of drunken strumpets have supremacy
Where once you talked your fantasy in low,
Shy tones of friendship; but not yet the lees
This desert world has drunk of destiny.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P." By Stephen Gwynn and Gertrude M. Tuckwell. (Murray. 2 vols. 36s. net.)
- "The Hothams." By A. M. W. Stirling. (Jenkins. 2 vols. 24s. net.)
- "The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans." By R. W. Seton-Watson. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Closed Door." By Jean de Bosschère. Translated by F. S. Flint. (Lane. 6s. net.)
- "A Boswell of Baghdad and other Essays." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
- "The Gambler and Other Stories." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Ninety-six Hours' Leave." By Stephen McKenna. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

"A COMMONPLACE-BOOK," wrote old Thomas Fuller, "contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning." Most writers have kept commonplace-books, and in a few cases—Southey and Matthew Arnold are the most notable—they have been published. Mr. Austin Dobson's "A Bookman's Budget" is a welcome addition to the list. He describes it in the preface as "the disconnected, and possibly contradictory, commonplace-book of a journeyman of letters," and explains that it contains extracts from his reading which had appealed to him personally or had influenced his writing, together with some original bookish verses and a few adversaria on things in general. I have enjoyed Mr. Dobson's other books so much that I must protest against part of this description. What right has he to offer us even a distant imitation of Uriah Heep? A journeyman of letters indeed! More than twenty-five years ago, W. E. Henley wrote an appreciation of Mr. Dobson in "The Athenæum," and Henley, if not a savage critic, was certainly a severe one. "His style," he said of Mr. Dobson, "has distinction, elegance, urbanity, precision, an exquisite clarity"; and he went on to compliment him on the possession of "a certain artistic good breeding whose like is not common in these days." These are not the qualities of a journeyman of letters, and I do not think anybody will deny that they are the qualities of Mr. Dobson.

ALL the more reason, then, why every book-lover should welcome this compilation. Not the least of its merits, as of most browsing books, is that it plays the part of indicator. Personally, I owe to it my first introduction to the "unparalleled" Peiresc. I see that an account of him is given in the second edition of Mr. Dobson's "De Libris," but it is my fate to possess only the first. Peiresc's claim to the epithet "unparalleled" among book-lovers is demonstrated by a quotation from "The Mirror of True Nobility and Gentility. Being the Life of the Renowned Nicolaus Claudius Fabricius, Lord of Peiresc," written by Gassendi, and translated by W. Rand in 1657:—

"He [Peiresc] sought Books, not for himself alone, but for any that stood in need of them. He lent an innumerable company, which were never restored; also he gave a world away . . . of which he could hardly ever hope to get the like again. Which he did when learned men had occasion to use them . . . Such books as he borrowed, being neglected by their owners and ill-bound, he delivered to his binder to be rectified and beautified, viz., when their subject matter or variety deserved that cost; so that having received them, ill-bound, and ill-favored, he returned them trim and handsome."

Provided he never committed the crime of cutting down a "tall" copy, Peiresc was a man to whom to lend books, for few men are entirely above the influence of binding. Lamb and William Morris were exceptions, and, as J. H. Burton observes, poets are apt to be ragamuffins in this respect.

ANOTHER of Peiresc's tastes was for "association books." Books that have been owned or inscribed or annotated by famous men have a special value, and it is not surprising that they are highly prized. "If," says Peiresc's biographer, "he had received by gift, or had bought books

which had belonged to learned men, he esteemed them so much the more highly by how much the fuller they were of such things as they had inserted with their own handwriting." One of the attractions of a first edition is that we see the book as the author saw it, and to read and handle the identical copies that have been read and handled by past worthies establishes a pleasant literary link.

To make a list of "association books" which one would like to possess is amusement for an idle hour. Mr. Roger Rees, in "The Pleasures of a Book-Worm," has made such a list, some items in which are calculated to make book-lovers covetous. First comes Dr. Johnson's copy of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. It was, I learn from one of Mr. Dobson's "Vignettes," bound up with Sir Matthew Hale's "Primitive Origination of Mankind," and it was bought at Johnson's sale by one William Collins. Afterwards it was presented to the Philological Society, and it was one of the books used by Sir James Murray in preparing "The Oxford English Dictionary." On the same shelf might well be placed Johnson's copy of Fielding's "Amelia," which he read through without stopping. Other books on the list might be the Chapman's "Homer," which Leigh Hunt once saw Lamb kiss, and the copy of the same work that inspired Keats's sonnet; the volume of Emerson on the fly-leaf of which Tyndall wrote, "Purchased by inspiration"; the "Queen Mab" that Shelley sent to Byron; the copy of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Heloise" that P. G. Patmore had in his pocket during the prize-fight to which he and Hazlitt went; the "Pamela" that gave Fielding the idea for "Joseph Andrews"; the volumes of Marmontel that Gray read on a sofa; the copy of Browning's "Pauline" which John Stuart Mill read and immediately wrote to "Tait's Magazine" asking for leave to review it (it is now in the South Kensington Museum, having been "borrowed" by John Forster from Mill); and, to end a list that could be extended to a volume, the copy of the "Imitatio Christi," mentioned by Andrew Lang, which was owned by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

SOMEBODY once wrote an essay on "How to Tell a Good Book from a Bad." The subject is treated briefly in Mr. Dobson's "Budget." The two extracts that follow, when taken together, go to the root of the matter:—

"Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de main d'ouvrier." (*La Bruyère*).

"If a popular work—I mean a work intended to please and instruct general readers—is generally disliked, how can it be a good work?"—(*Jeffrey*).

HERE are three facts about sentences. The longest sentence in the English language is to be found in Hazlitt's essay on Coleridge in "The Spirit of the Age." It runs to a hundred and ten lines, contains the word "and" ninety-seven times, and has but one semi-colon. The following example of a bad sentence was quoted by the late Mr. Kegan Paul from Russell's "Modern Europe":—"They [the Goths in Italy] hunted the bear on the voluptuous parterre, the trim garden, and the expensive pleasure ground, where effeminacy was wont to saunter or indolence to loiter." "It is scarcely possible," is Kegan Paul's comment, "to have more faults; the rhyming syllables at the outset, the idiotic epithets, the personification of qualities, the ignoble word which concludes it without just cause." A contrast to both of these is the answer that Beaconsfield made to a request by Lord Rowton to tell him which was the most remarkable, the most self-sustained and powerful sentence he knew—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

LAST week I mentioned some peculiar translations of the titles of books. Mr. Dobson gives a rendering of a familiar phrase:—

"'Is life worth living?' The accepted answer is, of course, 'That depends on the liver.' But the following addendum is not, I think, equally familiar. A French *savant* of repute, being asked how he should render the above reply in his own tongue, said at once, 'Question de foie'—an admirable example of translation which betters the original."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

SIR CHARLES DILKE.—I.

"The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart."

Begun by STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P. Completed and Edited by GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL. (Murray. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

ONE is tempted to think, in reading this profoundly interesting book, that the tragedy of modern politics is the tragedy of unfulfilment. Within the lifetime of this generation and of the last, five men have died who promised, in their own land, order, and type, to be makers of democracy. They were Gambetta, Parnell, Chamberlain, Dilke, and Randolph Churchill. All died either prematurely or without achieving the full promise of their manhood. And if they have met in the shades, it must be to acknowledge to each other the irony of circumstance. They were very dissimilar in character and fate. Gambetta, the most authoritarian of the group, was, at the time of his fall and hapless end, not visibly moving towards democracy. Chamberlain, in some respects the greatest democrat of them all, was caught up into the clouds of the Imperialist reaction. Churchill struggled vainly with the Toryism to which he did not belong. Dilke and Parnell were supremely unfortunate men, forced in mid-stream to change the course of their living and of their political ambition. Smug commonplace lived and thrived; these luckless ones went down. And with some of them at least, a great cause suffered temporary shipwreck. Dilke and Chamberlain were the natural successors of Gladstone; under them his humanitarian Liberalism should have passed naturally enough into the Radical movement; Churchill, Morley, the opportunist Socialists of the younger schools, would have been prayed in aid, and an educated British democracy, with a reconciled Ireland at its elbow, might have steered the world even over the breakers of the Great War. It was simply not to be. Gladstone, on the whole, comes finely out of these as of all revelations of his personality. But he was not a provident leader. It is easy to reflect that he ought to have broken with Hartington's Whiggery, and definitely placed the reins in Dilke's and Chamberlain's hands. They were a good pair. Dilke was all accomplishment, Chamberlain all driving power. They were singularly loyal to each other in a compact which was deliberately aimed at the destruction of the Whigs, the outbidding of the Tory democrats, and the achievement of a semi-Republican State, in which wealth paid its due toll to labor, and careers were thrown fully open to talent.

How did this promising adventure fail? Chamberlain's impatient, intolerant temper was to blame, and so was Gladstone's deliberate under-valuation of him.* Dilke's fall seemed to some to reveal a grave fault of temperament; to others (including most of his personal friends) to have been wholly or largely undeserved. But the calamity carried wide consequences with it. With the very doubtful exception of Lord Rosebery, Dilke was the only Liberal of his time who could be called a European of distinction. His judgment was by no means always good, or his foresight sure,† but had he lived and thrived, our foreign policy would not have been as blind as it was, and would certainly have been more deliberately democratic. Dilke took care to know most European people who were of importance, and they knew him, and his devouring industry never let acquaintanceship rust, or the knowledge that came of it. So far as this memoir gives us a guide, it looks as if he would have kept us clearer of Russia, have been rather firmer with France, and more intelligently watchful of Germany. But it is impossible to doubt that had the Dilke-Chamberlain syndicate prospered, it would have greatly added to the intellectual and material force of the nation. We might have been saved the weak, almost characterless, Salisbury diplomacy. The force, the heart and mind of the country, would have been the subject of a more enlightened and a more modern development. The level of intelligence

would have been higher. The curse of poverty and the resulting inefficiency would have been far more firmly dealt with, and we should at least have escaped the ignorant demagoguery of the Georgian period. The Anglican Church would have been handled more vigorously, and probably disestablished, and a limit set to her power to strangle education. The partitioning of Africa would have been managed on more humanitarian lines, and both the German peril and the Belgian scandal avoided. The war services might not have been greatly expanded, and yet have been better equipped and more intelligently commanded. The House of Lords might have been put in its place, and a true revival of agriculture invalidated the return to Protection. These prospects were marred when Chamberlain was driven out of the Liberal Party, partly, as I have suggested, by his own fault, partly by Gladstone's failure to gauge his worth and importance. He lost a counsellor; Dilke a leader. Neither man was ever the same again.

These are vain regrets, and some of my readers may not echo them. It is more agreeable to turn to the humanities of this book. Miss Tuckwell and Mr. Stephen Gwynn have wisely chosen to let Sir Charles be his own biographer, and to edit and illustrate the copious memoir which he left behind him rather than to paint a deliberate portrait of their own. Dilke was not a writer of the grand style, any more than he was an orator. His retentive memory was crammed with detail, and he lacked the power of composition which makes the great picture and contrives the great literary effect. But now and then (as in his descriptions of travel) he excelled as a diarist; his objective mind served him well; and he sketched rapidly and suggestively. The book would have gained in interest had it been a trifle more indiscreet; some of Dilke's reminiscences, such as those of the audacious Schouvaloff, with his burlesques of his contemporaries,* are racy, and they have, I think, been bowdlerized. Dilke had real humor, and it comes out here. "I wonder," said Lord Hartington reflecting, at one of the Committee meetings over the Russian peril in 1884, "what an Afghan chief is like." Sir Charles, with a glance at Lord Hartington's high-nosed, rather thickly-moulded face, passed a scribbled note to a colleague:—"I expect an Afghan chief is very like the Right Honorable the Marquis of Hartington." He noted that the Rothschilds resembled the Royal Family in that "they all quarrel with one another, but are united as against the world." And his pictures of his great and lesser colleagues—Harcourt's wit, kindness, tantrums, and instability,† Hartington's fine character and invincible and universal Toryism (he opposed everything, and without the Dilke-Chamberlain combination would have ruined the 1880 Government a dozen times over), the strong-willed and obstinate Queen,‡ hating Gladstone, and thwarting and obstructing him at every turn; Gladstone's wiles, impetuosity, nobility, Radical temperament and Tory prejudices—are all admirably suggested.

The high political interest of the Memoir centres indeed in the record of the Ministry of 1880. The failure of Gladstone's second Government had one sufficient cause of which the Dilke Memoir is the authoritative witness. It exhausted itself in the struggle between Whiggery and Radicalism, with Hartington as the leader of the one section, the Radical pair of the other, and Gladstone as an uneasy moderator, with an increasing Radical bias. The Chamberlain-Dilke *entente* yields an attractive view of both personalities. It had its piratical side. The two men lived on a pledge of common resignation, to which both adhered with unflinching loyalty, and between them they must have driven Gladstone to the verge of distraction. But it is safe to say that without some such plan of joint action there would have been no "refreshing fruits" of Radicalism to garner from the very mixed harvest of the Administration. There would

*In a sketch of the Belgian Congress he imitated "Lord Beaconsfield, speaking English, and Gortschakof, speaking French, about various boundary questions, and brought in Bismarck every minute or two as a chorus, the Chancellor stalking up and down the room with his arms folded, and growling in a deep voice: 'En bien, messieurs, arrangez vous; car, si vous ne vous arrangez pas, demain je pars pour Kissingen.'"

†He was quite over-balanced by the Irish intrigues, and when he was at the Home Office, said Sir Charles, "thought himself a Fouché and wanted to have the whole police work of the country, and nothing but police."

‡"He [the Prince of Wales] is very sharp in a way; the Queen not sharp at all, but she carries heavy metal, for her obstinacy carries power of a kind."

*Gladstone raised his eyebrows when, over the question of his inclusion in the Home Rule Cabinet, Chamberlain demanded a Secretaryship of State.

†Thus he thought that France could one day beat Germany "single-handed."

have been no Reform Bill. Ireland might have been coerced into rebellion; and as the head of a party shaping rapidly to democracy, Gladstone could have made little or no head against the Queen and the Whigs of the Cabinet. Their lead was by no means always clear or consistent, for Dilke was a "real" politician, opportunist to a fault, and Chamberlain a too impulsive one. Thus, the pair were modified Jingoists (often varying their policy and attitude) on Egypt. They were anti-Jingo on most questions of South African policy. They were for Colonial expansion, and they resisted the concessions to Germany in the Pacific. They fought and helped to break down the larger plans for the reconquest of the Sudan,* while they assented to the Cabinet's decision that a Russian advance to Herat should be treated as a *casus belli*. But they alone consciously aimed at a democratized England. Cold of intellect, Dilke was by no means incapable of action that could be called Quixotic. All through his life he remained a pro-Greek, a gesture of almost pure idealism. He insisted on risking his position in the Cabinet by refusing to vote against Woman Suffrage. And for some years he declined to purchase a seat in the inner circle by recanting his views on the Civil List, and thus breaking the Queen's resistance to his elevation. Both he and Chamberlain fought against Childers's timid, unimaginative Budgets and the neglect of the social question. Dilke (as President of the Industrial Remuneration Conference) insisted that the lot of the mass of the workers was deteriorating, and must be taken in hand. In an impressive memorandum to the Cabinet, he writes (1885):—

"It was my opinion that the position of the agricultural laborers had declined, and that the Whig or Conservative minority on my Commission, represented by Mr. Goehen and Lord Brownlow, admitted this contention of mine as regarded the south of England. The laborers of the south were unable to procure milk, and relied largely on beer as an article of food. Their wages had but slightly increased in the twenty years since 1865, and had decreased considerably since 1879. Food had slightly risen in price, clothes were nominally cheaper, but the same amount of wear for the money was not obtainable, and house rent (where house rent was paid by the laborers) had greatly risen. An enormous proportion of the income of the rich escaped taxation: fifty millions a year of their foreign income at the least. The uncertainty of employment placed the laborer even lower as a partaker in the income of the country than the statisticians placed him. The calculations of employers, upon which the estimates of statisticians were based, were founded upon the higher earnings of the best workers; and when the matter was examined, it was found that variation of wages, loss of time, and failure of work, much lowered the average earnings. The taxation of the working classes rose to a higher percentage than that of the upper and middle classes."

Dilke's contribution to the triumvirate is fully described here. Chamberlain almost lived at 76, Sloane Street, and the two fired off notes at each other almost as if they were lovers. Dilke, with Morley, introduced Chamberlain to Continental Liberalism and to London society; Chamberlain showed Dilke what provincial Radicalism was good for. Dilke made the larger contribution of knowledge; Chamberlain of ideas. Dilke, who in conversation never argued but only stated, and in public speech never emotionalized, found the means to electrify his slower intellect and temperament; Chamberlain discovered a brake on his impetuosity. Both were over-material; and both showed to the world, though not to each other or to their intimates, a certain arrogance, even *hauteur*, of demeanor. Their combination was at its climax of power in 1885, when Gladstone gave one of his frequent hints of coming retirement. They had then to concert their future. Apparently they were prepared to submit terms for serving in a Hartington Government. But it cannot be doubted that they contemplated a joint Radical Administration, in which, says Dilke, he, as the stronger in the Commons, was to lead the House, and presumably to be Prime Minister.

The blow fell on both these ambitions at once. Chamberlain broke with Gladstone over Home Rule, and the inconclusive ending of the Crawford case banished Dilke from power, though not from public life or from a career of real though subdued service.

H. W. M.

(To be continued.)

* For example, they steadily refused to gratify Lord Wolseley's ambition to be made Consul General of the Sudan.

TOLSTOY AS A YOUNG MAN.

"The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy." Translated from the Russian by C. J. HOGARTH and A. SIRTIS. Vol. I. "Youth, 1847 to 1852." With a Preface by C. HAGBERG WRIGHT. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THE beginning of the publication of the English Edition of Tolstoy's Diaries is an event in literature. The controversy which has attended the issue of this work is dealt with in the introduction and appendix of this, the first volume. Any further comment may be regarded as unprofitable. It is true that in the defence raised by M. Tchertkoff, Tolstoy himself appears to have vacillated in the matter, and the words upon which he relies to justify his action are a little ambiguous. "I pray that the Diary of my single life be destroyed," wrote Tolstoy in 1895; "not because I wish to hide my past life from men—my life was the habitual worthless life of young men devoid of principles: but I express this wish because my Diary, in which I have entered only that which tormented me with a consciousness of sin, produces a false, one-sided impression." But "never mind," he adds immediately. "Let the Diary remain as it is. It will show, at least, that in spite of all the banality and vileness of my youth, I was not deserted of God, and that in my old age I have, at least to a certain extent, come to comprehend Him and to love Him." But apart from such a wish, it was very evident that it would be impossible to keep for ever unpublished diaries whose manuscript was in the Historical Museum at Moscow, which contained the record of the inner life of one of the greatest literary figures and religious teachers of all time. This edition suffers to some extent from the effects of the family controversy. There are excisions necessary owing to the private and personal nature of many of the entries. There were further excisions due to the restrictions of the Imperial Censorship. M. Tchertkoff had not the original of the manuscript in his possession: and the present text is based on a copy of the first copy, in which many words had been omitted which could not at the moment be deciphered, and others had evidently been incorrectly copied. Yet even, with the qualifications and omissions, the work remains absorbing in interest, a revelation day by day of outward events and spiritual progress; defiantly outspoken and sincere. If the diary of the sixty-four years which remain is of the same quality as this of the first five, the finished product will form a notable addition to the company of the intimate confessions of the soul.

The diary begins with youth passing from adolescence into manhood. The first disjointed entries cover the years when Tolstoy is under twenty-two years of age. The continuous narrative begins in 1850, when he is leading a life of dissipation at Moscow, without fixed purpose or any definite plan in life. Moscow and Yasnaya Polyana are the scenes of the earlier entries, then the adventure with his brother in the Caucasus, where he saw active service in the army; later, after a breakdown in health, the health resorts of the Caspian. This instalment ends on the last day of 1852, before his serious military campaigning had begun. These were six years of extraordinary disturbance, enjoyment, discontent, development. In the beginning he is twenty, a young idler about town, having failed in his University career, tasting all pleasure and finding it all vanity. At the end, "Childhood" has been composed and published, and the young soldier is beginning to be convinced that he is not as other men; that he possesses something indefinable which separates him from his fellows and will compel him never to be content with their pleasures and limited ideals. But the call from the City of Destruction is uncertain, and the advance from it on halting feet. Outwardly it would be difficult for his friends to mark any conspicuous change. "This is the third year that I have spent the winter in Moscow without holding any office," he notes at the beginning, "living a futile life devoid of occupation or aim." And, "I have lived so," he confesses, "not because, as is often said and written, everyone in Moscow does this, but because a life of that kind has pleased me." Education, family, an annual income of from ten to twenty thousand roubles, give to youth which possesses this qualification a life which is very pleasant—"In it there is not a single care." But cares, revolts,

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depressions, self-condemnations, accompany from the beginning this existence seemingly so desirable. At the end the last entries show but little external change. "December 28th. Did nothing save drink with Yapishka. December 29th. Went shooting and drank, but did not get drunk; a foolish life!" The next day "had drinks all round in connection with the sale of Sultan, the horse." And the last day of 1852, "From morning onward there began a carousal at Hukovsky's which continued in various places till two o'clock in the morning." These entries reveal that a long progress is before the man who was at last to become the prophet of renunciation and the abandonment of all individual desire.

All the sadness of youth is in it—mysterious, incommunicable. It is not the sadness of youth fighting against poverty and circumstance, or oppressed by bereavement and suffering. Nor—as in the case of so many contemporaries—is it the sorrow of youth wandering from the traditional sustaining religion, and instead of secure faith "bidden to eat the East wind." It is the sadness of youth seeing life at second best and refusing to acquiesce in it. It is in revolt against all the realities of that world; at beauty that must die; and time hurrying body and mind so soon into inglorious middle-age and the indignity of that external control over the soul of man which no resistance can placate or modify; at Death destined, suddenly and irrevocably, to end all. The great Russian writers of the nineteenth century, more than any of their contemporaries, faced these realities; refused to be put off with illusions. Tolstoy is here seen from the beginning, although seemingly accepting the conventional creeds, yet in ultimate protest—a protest less of intellect than of emotion—against the limitations and absurdities of human destiny. Like so many boys of genius, he is declaring from the beginning that life offers no more attractions for him; that he has explored all its possibilities of pleasure; that the future holds for him but a repetition of similar experience—passion at the moment, afterwards satiety. The search for pleasure itself is but an attempt at liberation from the revolving cage and a refusal to acquiesce which in itself is destined to defeat. There is no hint here, indeed, of that ultimate "way of escape" which in later years Tolstoy preached to the world as the secret of making things endurable. Here he has only achieved the first step of the journey. He attributes his continued restlessness and dissatisfaction to the variations from the accepted moral law which he has received in his upbringing. For this reason he is convinced that if he could overcome his constant violations of the orthodox commandments, life might be endurable, if not enjoyable. And at the same time, consciousness of genius is struggling through the "trivial round" of experience of the vicissitudes of a young man of good family; about town; in control of a landed estate; on active service at the war; or taking the cure at seaside or health resorts for a body too violently agitated by devotion to sensual pleasure.

For from the beginning he is showing that power of "standing aside," of enduring experience and yet looking on as if from outside—a power which was to make him, first, one of the greatest novelists of his generation, and, later, one of the greatest of prophets and social teachers. He is less looking on at the world than looking on at his own sensations in it. The experience itself is common to that of triumphant youth to which the doors of pleasure are opened, and in which a personality of more than normal curiosity and energy is determined, in the morning of manhood, to leave no avenue unexplored. The life of Tolstoy at this time is the life of the young man "of great possessions," to whom nothing is denied and everything forgiven. The unique element is provided by this Diary which analyzes and fiercely condemns; which swears repentance and repeats the offence; which is always secretly in revolt against what it accepts and enjoys. There is—in the historic phrase—a war in the members; and "that which I would not," the writer is confessing, "that I do." Much of the analysis is, indeed, meticulous. The writer identifies sins and inconveniences, attacks himself severely for social gaucheries, shyness, sloth, excessive eating of ices or Turkish delight, as for gambling away a fortune or indulgence in the sins of the flesh. And in consequence much of the record appears almost

absurd in its over-emphasis of trivial disturbances—like much of the records of the diaries of Archbishops Wilberforce or Benson. The occupation in non-essentials, and the blending of these non-essentials with those defiance of moral law which demand repentance and repudiation, may be more difficult to understand than the actual violations. The reply is, of course, that this is youth—youth, indeed, of genius but largely ingenuous, and confusing the dream and the reality as it voyages through uncharted seas.

So we find him confessing these varying violations of the standard he has set up for himself, and devising, after each confession, "rules" of conduct, solemnly set out in italics—some purely prudential, like the rules of Benjamin Franklin (then, to him, a hero and guide); some the standard of a gentleman—to resent insults, to make all who injure him pay; some the elemental effort to resist the riot of the deadly sins. I have grown cold, he affirms at the beginning. Only at rare intervals, "especially during hours of intoxication," does he crave expression. He resolves not to continue gambling—especially when he has lost heavily. He will proclaim his freedom from the temptation—that it will never conquer him. In the next entry he will confess to having played again, and lost enormously. He sets down his prudential and moral maxims, inextricably mixed in the passionate mind of youth; his resolves "to keep as cool as possible; never to explain my feelings." Or, again, "to ask for dances at a ball only from the most important ladies." Again, "to read no novels"; "to allow no one to offer me the smallest insult or sarcasm." Again, "in accordance with the law of religion to eschew intercourse with women." All of which and similar maxims are continually vanishing before the assault of youth. Each morning he records the lapses of the previous day from the standard which he had set himself to follow; and the following entry is typical of whole pages of this self-revelation:—

"March 15th.—Rose reluctantly—*sloth*. Wrote nothing at all—*sloth*. In thoughtlessness invited Koloschin to attend the sale of my horse at auction. Showed diffidence—*shyness*. At gymnastics proved satisfactory. At dinner displayed *gluttony*. At home did nothing—*sloth*. When with Kostinka spoke with too much abstraction and showed *insufficient firmness*—both moral and physical."

But beyond these detailed records of over-eating, sloth, lying, shyness, vanity, and other mingled discontents, come cries such as those of Augustine against a life all awry. Last night, "having hardly slept at all," he records, "I began to pray to God. The blissful feeling which came over me during that prayer I could never possibly express. And the prayer seemed answered in consciousness of a love for God, but love lofty, and combining all that is good and renouncing what is bad." "Horrible indeed," he asserts, "did I then find it to look upon the petty, vicious side of life":—

"Nor could I conceive how it could ever have attracted me as with a clean heart I prayed God to receive me into His bosom. Wholly unconscious of the flesh I was. . . . Yet stay! Soon the fleshly, the petty side of life had got me into its possession again, and not an hour was past before, half-unconsciously, I heard the voice of vice, of vanity, of the empty aspect of life, calling me once more. I knew whence this voice came, I knew that it would destroy my state of blessedness. I struggled, but succumbed to it. I sank to sleep amid dreams of fame and women. . . . Lasting blessedness is impossible *here*, and tribulation is necessary. Why so? I do not know. . . . I wish to pray, yet do not know how; I wish to grasp it, yet I dare not venture; I surrender myself to Thy will."

In this continual analysis, however, he comes at last to concentrate on three central temptations, which he must overthrow if he is to retain the captaincy of his soul; and the examination of these forms the central passage of the whole of this first volume of his Diary. The first is the "Passion for Play." The source of this passion lies in "lassitude." The means of destruction is to "destroy the lassitude." This he thinks he can accomplish by an effort of will. The second is the passion of sensuality. Here the problem is more difficult. For "the more one refrains therefrom, the stronger does the desire for it grow." The body is here increasingly powerless. He can but fall back, in the "unnatural position in which I am placed (a bachelor of twenty-three)" upon "strength of will and prayer to God." But more to be condemned than these is the third passion of "Vanity: more desperate because an infection of the spirit rather than of the mind or the body"; an "unintelligible passion"; one "of those evils, such as involuntary diseases,

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hunger, locusts and war, with which Providence is wont to punish humanity." He describes it bitterly as a "kind of moral sickness," like leprosy, rendering monstrous the whole organism. It has spoilt for him the best years of his life. Yet finally he announces, "I succeeded, while at Tiflis, in altogether annihilating the passion." "Yet that the passion has quite been put an end to is more than I can say, for I am still wont to sigh for the amenities which it used to afford me. But at least," he can affirm, "I have come to understand life apart from it, and to acquire a habit of keeping it at a distance." And so, "for the first time since childhood, have I experienced the pure delights of prayer and love."

It is not that this man, at sixty or at forty, with all the fires of youth burnt out, is repudiating the accepted creed of the boy of twenty-three. It is that the boy of twenty-three, with passion still strong and "ginger hot i' the mouth," is repudiating the accepted creed of twenty-three. From his country estate, through the whirlpool of the great city, in the night and great silences of the Caucasian mountains, or broken in health by the shores of the Caspian, there is a voice for ever singing in his ears telling him that this creed leads nowhere, its fruit dust and ashes in a region of sand and thorns. Early he notes—as St. Paul noted—"the unending struggle that is in process within me." The majesty of the night, sunset, and the wonder of natural things continually judge and condemn this hot, feverish activity of the pursuit of pleasure. He spends his time in "hunting, or else in running after Cossack women, or else in drinking, writing a little or translating." He is at times full of sorrow at the lost years spent. "Tormented with regret," he describes himself, "at having wasted the best years of my life." He discerns in himself signs of old age: he is conscious of the words "Too late!" Immediately after his twenty-third birthday, "To my sorrow," he affirms, "I find that I remain always the same; within a few days I have done all the things of which I disapproved." He concludes that he is not born as other men are; that for him love does not exist; that "love of life" is impossible. He reflects that "pleasure is too scanty, and desire too great, and man himself too apt to picture happiness, and fate too apt to buffet him and catch him painfully . . . for him to live in love with life." Yet from the slough of sensual gratification, he is continually calling to One "who changest not" for release from this body of death. "O God help me! Abandon me not!" is his perpetual appeal. "I believe," he affirms definitely at the end, "I believe in the one good and incomprehensible God, in the immortality of the soul, and in eternal recompense for our deeds. . . . I honor and do not neglect the faith of my fathers." "O God," he cries from the heart of the squalor of vice, "deliver me from evil! deliver me from the temptation to do evil, and dower me with good." "O Lord, deliver me," is his continual prayer, "from vanity, sloth, lust, sickness, and spiritual disquietude. O Lord, grant that I may live without sin or suffering, and die without despair or dread, but in faith, hope, and love. I submit myself to Thy will." Tolstoy had a right to maintain, in after years, that in all these restless days he "was not deserted of God."

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"By pursuing the cautious, clear-sighted, constructive policy which Baron Sonnino has so consistently followed, it would appear that the 'greater destinies' of Italy are on the eve of fulfilment. The apparent elimination of Greece . . . has greatly simplified a problem . . . Italy may now assert openly, without undue clandestine bickering, her claims to a share of dominance in the Eastern Ægean. Serbia, for the time being, no longer exists as an independent State. . . . The drain of the present struggle will have been too great for the Serbs to reassert any

unreasonable claims to national expansion in the immediate future. . . ."

We quote this amazing passage at some length, because we hope to see it repudiated by the Italians themselves. It implies that Italy is to gain at the expense, not of an enemy, but of a neutral (for Greece was not yet an ally when the book was written) and an ally who has sacrificed everything for the common cause; and not only so, but to gain unjustly, for Italy is to obtain more than the principle of nationality would award her, simply because circumstances may bring Greece and Serbia less. We suspected this to be the policy of individual Italians (there are individuals in every country with equally discreditable war-aims), but we do not believe it to be the attitude of the Italian Nation or Government, and if it is, to call such a policy "cautious, clear-sighted, and constructive," is a meaningless form of words.

And the passage is written with deliberation. It is the penultimate paragraph of the peroration to the book, and leads up consistently to the last: "Italy is fighting not solely for the aggrandizement of her territory nor the increase of her wealth: she is fighting for the greatness of her national soul; not exalted by any chimerical idealism, not in pursuit of some high-sounding phrase-maker's catchword such as 'humanity' or 'civilization,' but as an upholder of the right of nationhood she is helping to bring once again peace, security, and liberty to Europe."

It is just possible (though improbable) that a nation's aims may be completely selfish and may yet be beneficial to the world as a whole; and one may, like Mr. Wallace, find selfish motives more congenial than disinterested motives in international politics. But it is extremely illogical, in that case, to give one's praise twice over—both to the motive and to the result—and Mr. Wallace is continually praising Italy in this incoherent fashion.

The explanation is that he has all the Englishman's traditional Ruskinian sentimentalism for Italy from which he believes himself immune. He praises Futurism, as a protest against "the dank romanticism of the nineteenth century," and assures us that "arbitration, pacificism, internationalism, the Utopian dreams of a world freed from racial conflicts and wars . . . find no place" in this "essentially belligerent doctrine. . . ." "Nationalism, irredentism, futurism, were to be the leaven of Modern Italy. They embody the doctrines of vigor, of aggressive strength, kindred to the German 'might is right,' yet tempered by a Latin geniality of twenty centuries of cultural tradition."

That Latin geniality! The German propaganda would give thousands of square kilometres of occupied territory to make us all feel like that about "Teutonic Gemütlichkeit" or "Prussian Culture." For instance, when civilians are massacred in the Tripoli Oasis during the Libyan War, the Italian Army is presumably to have the credit of "not pursuing some high-sounding phrase-maker's catchword like 'humanity' or 'civilization,'" while their Latin geniality is to guarantee the thorough respectability of their action; and Mr. Wallace quotes "a valuable commentary in extenuation of the Italian action," in the shape of a contemporary letter from Lord Roberts to the "Times," which will certainly reappear in the next German White Book on the "Conduct-contrary-to-International-Law of the Civil Population in Belgium towards the Imperial German Army."

"Only those who have the experience of war in all its phases," the British Field-Marshal writes, "have the right to judge of the expediency of reprisals, and then only when they have access to the information which was at the time in the possession of the directing staff." (p. 123.)

How Hindenburg will fortify himself with Roberts's opinion!

It is the same with Mr. Wallace's judgments on Italian party politics. He blames Giolitti for being "unhampered by any political or ethical principles"; but when he comes to the struggle between the Neutralists and Interventionists, he is careful to point out that the latter were not moved "by any sentimental arguments," even though "the Italian people, whose æsthetic sense is more highly developed than that of any other modern European nation, could understand and gauge minutely the sacrilege of the German invaders of Belgium against—the monuments and rich treasure stores of the past." Surely in that case the

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Interventionists were merely pursuing the same policy as Giolitti "by other means." Mr. Wallace cannot have it both ways; and if Giolitti and his opponents were together representative of the Italian nation, and were really both actuated by the motives he ascribes to each, he has framed an appalling indictment of Italy.

In reality, of course, this indictment is totally unfair, for the spirit which Mr. Wallace imagines to be characteristic of Modern Italy is actually common to the whole Modern World, and characteristic, we hope, of none of us. Germany has abandoned herself to it with the least restraint and the most catastrophic results; Italy has been gravely affected by it—not owing to her national temperament but to the external course of her history in recent times; and we have all been tainted in our various degrees. The total effect of this spirit in the Modern World is the European War, for which—though again in very varying degrees—we are all responsible; and Mr. Wallace's book may even have an unintended historical value as revealing the operation of this spirit in a particular country.

Chapter VII., for instance, on economic development (including colonial expansion), is interesting from this point of view. There is a sordid irony in these complacent statistics of wealth and man-power piled up by Italy for half a century as her contribution to the general holocaust, but the same moral can be drawn from statistical abstracts of Germany and Britain. The chapter on the economic penetration of Italy by Germany adds little to what is already common knowledge. "The Problem of the Adriatic" is only a *réchauffé* of the chauvinist case which is now being searchingly criticized by the more statesmanlike elements of Italian public opinion, and is therefore, we hope, already out of date. Mr. Wallace gives us a more detailed account than we have had before of how the Italian Government took advantage of the international situation to screw up its terms before it intervened in the war, and though we cannot control his information, it is doubtless correct, being thoroughly in the tradition of European diplomacy. There are vividly written descriptions of d'Annunzio's interventionist campaign, and of the Austrian offensive in the Trentino in the Spring of 1916, and we recommend the chapter on the "Vatican and the Quirinal" as the best in the book.

The general impression made by the book is of over-receptivity rather than innate wrongheadedness. If we may guess at its origin, we suspect it of being written under the influence of Italians who stand for what is worst in Italy and genuinely believe it to be good.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN.

"O. Henry: A Biography." By C. ALPHONSO SMITH. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

The short stories of O. Henry, the most original fiction produced in America during this century, are undoubtedly making their way in our own country. The twelve tiny volumes, in their red or blue covers, may be seen in the windows of the most modest provincial booksellers, who do a little in music, a little in color cards, and a little in fancy-work. The vogue just beginning will certainly increase; for in these two hundred and fifty tales, few of which would run over two columns in a newspaper, there is a quality of permanence. Pathetic in the simplest way, humorous in a dozen ways, they touch almost every side of life in America—north, east, west, and south—and of all this mixed and complex life they are revelatory as in like degree no other transatlantic fiction has been. For sheer naturalness they are unsurpassed even in the most idiosyncratic narratives of Russia. Beside them, the few small masterpieces of Bret Harte are almost to be called operatic. "More than any author who ever wrote in the United States," says Mr. Stephen Leacock, "O. Henry is an American writer. And the time is coming, let us hope, when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in him one of the great masters of modern literature."

"When we consider," says O. Henry's biographer, "not only the number of these stories but their difference of mood and manner, their equal mastery of humor and pathos, their sheer originality of conception and execution, and their steadily increasing appeal in book form to every

grade of reader it becomes evident that a new chapter has been added to the annals of narrative genius in this country."

William Sydney Porter, better known as O. Henry, was born at Greensboro', in North Carolina, September 11th, 1862. He died in New York, June 5th, 1910. This is but a brief span, and brief in it is his real creative period. There was a mythical O. Henry even in his life-time, and the myth is centred in a tragedy that clouded all the years in which he should have been able openly to rejoice in his artist's reputation. As the tragedy has an immediate bearing on the literary work of O. Henry, we must bring it for a moment to the front. Of decent but inconspicuous birth, he turned his hand to one thing and another (and a man who can do pretty well as a druggist's assistant and eminently well in the saddle of the cowboy must be allowed to have parts!); and was for some time "paying and receiving teller" in a bank at Austin. After he had left this place he was summoned to stand his trial for embezzlement of the bank's funds. It is all but demonstrably certain that he was innocent of the charge, but he could not bring himself to face the court. He did so after the death of his wife, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary. His biographer says:—

"It was notorious that the bank, long since defunct, was wretchedly managed. Its patrons, following an old custom, used to enter, go behind the counter, take out one hundred or two hundred dollars, and say a week later: 'Porter, I took out two hundred dollars last week. See if I left a memorandum of it. I meant to. . . .' Long before the crash came, he had protested to his friends that it was impossible to make the books balance. As a matter of fact, the bank was so loosely managed that Porter's predecessor was driven to retirement, his successor to attempted suicide."

The point of connection between O. Henry's condemnation and imprisonment and his subsequent literary career and celebrity is simply this: that he serves quietly and unrepiningly a sentence which seems to have been quite unjustly inflicted, and issues from gaol an unspoiled and unembittered man. It is as a convict in prison, in the intervals of mixing drugs for fellow-convicts and sitting by their beds at night, that he begins to write these inimitable tales. There is no trace in them of harshness or cynicism; the human touch, as close and real and sympathetic as it can be—with never a smack of the sentimental—penetrates and vitalizes every page. Then he passes out of prison, and presently settles down in New York, courted of editors and publishers. The wretched history of the Ohio Penitentiary is known only to a few very intimate friends, but the cloud of it overhangs a two-fold life. Wherever he goes in public the novelist has the haunting fear of identification as the convict. What is curious—and it is to this fact that we return—is that his inner nature remains sweet and wholesome as ever; and that the artist continues to study to the end, with a strenuous philosophic cheerfulness and gaiety, the life that had been unaccountably wrecked for the man. Considered merely as a test of character, this career has perhaps not many parallels in life. In the history of letters it has few.

A critic of a day somewhat later than ours may decide that O. Henry in America has been the creator—in fiction—of the average man. Here, in fact, he has made his mark, and here he has triumphed. Scattered up and down these two hundred and fifty tales are financiers, merchants, clubmen, ranchmen, policemen, outlaws, beachcombers, waiters, cab-drivers, shop-keepers, clerks, flunkies, farmers, actors, tramps, sportsmen, detectives, and criminals and rogues of all kinds, from the murderer and swell burglar to the infinitely amusing sharpers of the humbler sort, whose talk is the richest jargon imaginable. In O. Henry's hands these innumerable types are in no sense creatures of fiction. You would meet them and recognize and know them in their proper haunts; they are the average of a country; they are America of to-day. Contemporary New York—every phase of its existence—lives in these pages as in none other; so does the West, and the Latin-American coastal region. To social historians O. Henry will be a very useful person.

His scenic bits are often as fine and humorous as his strokes of character:—

"Take a lot of Filipino huts and a couple of hundred brick-kilns and arrange 'em in squares in a cemetery. Cart down all the conservatory plants in the Astor and Vanderbilt greenhouses, and stick 'em about wherever there's room.



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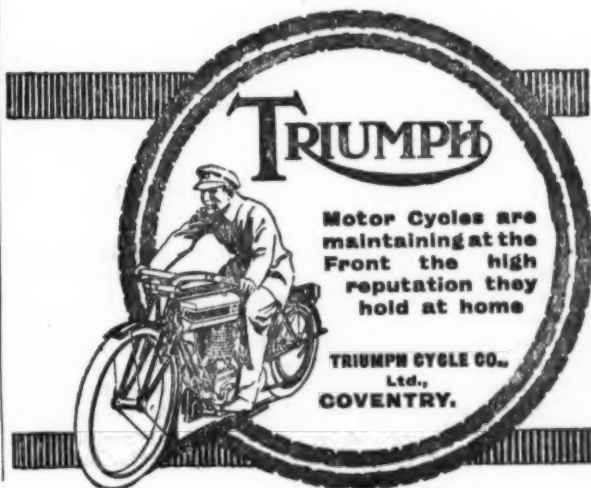
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Among O. Henry's most wonderful themes, which he treats alternately with humor and with his fine, unstrained pathos, is the American shop-girl—especially the shop-girl of New York. He has been called "the little shop-girl's knight," and indeed he seems to know every problem of her life:—

"In his thinking she was an inseparable part of the larger life of the city. . . . 'Across every counter of the New York department store,' writes Arthur B. Maurice, 'is the shadow of O. Henry.' It has been said that O. Henry laughs with the shop-girl rather than at her, but the truth is that he does not laugh at all when she is his theme; he smiles here and there, but the smile is at the humors of life itself rather than at the shop-girl in particular."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Co-operation or Chaos?" By MAURICE L. ROWNTREE. (Headley Bros. 6d. net.)

In a little handbook written for the "War and Social Order" Committee of the Society of Friends, Mr. Rowntree gives a compact and searching presentation of those novel and practical issues which are disturbing every reasonable and constructive mind. Opening with a discussion of the defects in the life of nations which have brought this war, he carries the same analysis into the class strife which divides each nation and bars material and spiritual progress. He then sets forth in an exceedingly skilful and interesting manner the practical proposals for reconstruction, national and international. Especially serviceable is his setting of the problems of Labor Unrest, and his insistence upon the necessity of a really radical solution, based upon securing for the groups of workers an adequate control over the industry which belongs to them (instead of "to which they belong"), and upon a thorough revision of the moral and economic bases of the property system. The general trend is towards a support of Guild Societies, qualified by a demand for a fuller investigation of their relations to the State, and a greater security for the interests of the citizen in his capacity of consumer than is provided in the ordinary presentation of Guild Socialism.

"West African Folk-Tales." Collected and Arranged by W. H. BARKER and CECILIA SINCLAIR. Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)

No one can read these folk-tales without at once perceiving a parallel with the "Brer Rabbit" cycle. But admitting that, there the resemblance ends. In literary value there is no comparison between them, charming and ingenious as these animal fables are. The tales are divisible into two portions, miscellaneous ones on the model of the "Just So" stories, and explanations of the natural workings of Nature (why the lizard is dumb, and so on). "The wisdom of the spider is greater than that of all the world together," and "Woe to one who would put his trust in Anansi, a cunning, selfish, and greedy person," seem to be the kind of moral aimed at. There is pathos, some tenderness, neatness, grace, and sharpness in these stories (not unmixed with brutality), but scarcely the profound humanity and philosophy of those of other races.

The Week in the City.

THE terrible slump in Russian Credit, as seen in rouble quotations and Government Bonds, was stayed by the defeat and surrender of Korniloff, since when there has been distinct and welcome recovery. On Wednesday the rouble stood at about 285 to the £10 note, and Russian Fives were quoted at about 72. Rubber shares have been in demand, as yields are high and prospects are considered good. Money has been in sufficient supply, at about 4 per cent. As the sale of Exchequer Bonds has been disappointing, it is expected that the Treasury will soon offer something more attractive, as

the floating debt has once more assumed dangerous proportions. On the whole, the tone of the City is still gloomy, though well-informed people are less despondent about the prospects of an early peace than was the case a week ago. It is recognized, of course, that a German renunciation of all claims upon Belgium would be a great advance, and the language of M. Painlevé is certainly more pacific than that of his predecessor. There is more and more talk about the conscription of wealth since the publication of Mr. Bonar Law's speech to the trade union deputation. Thursday's Bank Return showed a small increase in reserve.

ROUMANIAN CONSOLIDATED OILFIELDS.

When the greater part of Roumania fell into the hands of the enemy last winter, the entire property of the Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields Ltd., which is an amalgamation of eight oil-producing concerns operating in that country, was totally destroyed, under the instructions of a British military mission, in order to prevent the wells and refineries being used by the enemy. A report for the year ended June 30th, 1917, has been issued by the Company, which states that a claim for £1,270,000 has been made to the British Government. The company's land is valued at £697,000, making a total of £1,967,000. The issued share capital is £1,177,000, and debentures for £43,000 are outstanding. The surplus is accounted for to the extent of £240,000 by the rise in values, and about £320,000 by reserve funds and undistributed profits. The profit and loss account for the year shows a debit balance for the year of £3, against a profit for 1915-16 of £106,727, the total profit amounting to £17,493, while depreciation required £17,495. A scheme is on foot for the amalgamation of the fifteen British petroleum undertakings operating in Roumania to secure co-operation in dealing with the several claims, and to constitute a distinctive British concern for the support of British interests after the war.

JOHN BROWN'S PROFITS.

The directors of John Brown & Co., the well-known armament firm, apologize for the delay in presenting the report and accounts for the year ended March 31st last, but it has appeared within six months of the closing of the accounts, and in these days, when the difficulties of arriving at the liabilities of such concerns for munitions levy and excess profits duty, &c., have been made the excuse for delaying the report for twelve months, and, in some cases, for not presenting accounts at all, the directors are almost to be congratulated on their punctuality. Profits, which are arrived at after making provision for war taxation, are nearly £9,000 higher, as will be seen from the following summary:—

	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17
	£	£	£	£
Net Profit ...	377,500	521,000	485,200	494,000
Brought forward...	89,700	97,400	128,000	147,800
	467,200	618,400	613,200	641,800
Reserve, &c.	100,000	175,000	150,000	150,000
Preference Dividend ...	87,500	87,500	87,500	87,500
Ordinary Dividend ...	182,300	227,900	227,900	227,900
	(10 p.c.)	(12½ p.c.)	(12½ p.c.)	(12½ p.c.)
Carried forward ...	97,400	128,000	147,800	176,400

The appropriations are exactly the same as for the previous year, when £150,000 was reserved for contingencies, and the balance carried forward is increased by £28,600. The item sundry creditors in the balance-sheet, which includes provision for all war taxation, has increased by £673,000, while work in progress and stocks are £454,600 higher.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

A week or two ago I showed how the traffic receipts of the principal railways in Argentina for the current fiscal year were heavily falling away, and mentioned the intention of the companies to raise their rates as from December 15th next. It is now stated that the Government will not allow them to do so, and, if the report is confirmed, the railway industry in the Argentine will certainly be faced with a serious situation. For many years its progress has been hampered by legislative interference, the most recent example of which is the Railway Pension Law, estimated by an actuarial authority to saddle the companies with an annual liability of no less than £4,300,000. Moreover, the increase in wages and the higher costs of materials would seem to justify the companies' contention. The attitude taken by the Government, however, is that any increase in railway rates makes the cost of living higher and greatly disturbs the economic position of the country.

LUCCELLUM.

